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APRIL 1983
VOL. VII NO. 1

HEAVY METAL®

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EDITORIAL INFORMATION: Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. Return postage must accompany submissions; otherwise, return of artwork is not guaranteed.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Published monthly by HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. $19.00 paid annual subscription, $32.00 paid two–year subscription, and $39.00 paid three–year subscription in territorial U.S. Add $5.00 per year for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries. Second–class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber, please send change of address to Circulation Director, *Heavy Metal* Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. Allow six weeks for change. POSTMASTER: Please mail form 3579 notices to Circulation Director, *Heavy Metal* Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022.

ADVERTISING OFFICES: *New York:* Advertising Director, *Heavy Metal* Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022, (212) 688-4070. *Midwest:* **Guenther & Company,** River Plaza, 405 North Wabash, Chicago, IL 60611, (312) 670-6800. *West Coast:* Jim McGinley, **Scott, Marshall, Sands & McGinley,** 3450 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 407, Los Angeles, CA 90010, (213) 382-6346. Dick Sands, **Scott, Marshall, Sands & McGinley,** 433 California Street, Suite 505, San Francisco, CA 94104, (415) 421-7950. *Southern Offices:* **Brown & Co.,** 5110 Roswell Road, Marietta, GA 30062, (404) 998-2889.

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DOSSIER

THE KILLER B's

Scott and Beth B. Care to guess their favorite color?
Photo by Jon Ericson

All of our films are about undesirables, I find them more real in a sense. How many times can you go to a film to see some beautiful piece of bullshit and then go home to your disgusting, dilapidated building and worry about where the money's gonna come from to pay the rent?

—Beth B

As independent NYC filmmakers, **Scott B and Beth B** (Mr. and Mrs.) are in the enviable position of being able to satisfy their landlord without compromising their art. Within five years their self-described "B-Movies" have evolved from raw Super-8 shorts to polished 16mm features; from screenings at rock clubs to sellouts at the New York Film Festival.

The B's share an amiably perverse aesthetic that mines the past (film noir, the hard-boiled dialogue of trashy thrillers, and the stark visuals of German Expressionists like Lang and Murnau) to forge a vision of the future, using a healthy dose of contemporary politics and paranoia. Like many a Midwestern transplant, they are as adept at fashioning their own public persona—the cool allure of black leather and post-punk cynicism—as they are at romanticizing Gotham's the Big Apple as an emotional microcosm.

The B's abandoned sculpture and the "analytical and formal" art scene in 1978, and found "fresh energy and a much larger audience" by allying themselves with the nascent No Wave rock scene, centered around groups like the Contortions, Teenage Jesus and the Jerks, and DNA. The interaction proved particularly beneficial—in Lydia Lunch (then with Teenage Jesus), and other downtown musicos like Adele Bertei and John Lurie, the B's found engaging, idiosyncratic screen personalities and innovative collaborators for

"... pictorial compositions worthy of Samuel Fuller, narration reminiscent of a low-rent James M. Cain, and solid characterizations."

lurid charms. "It's the world, put into this pit," Beth explains, and B films successfully evoke the visual/visceral claustrophobia of their memorable film soundtracks.

G-Man, the first and least-exhibited B-film, "is about this chief terrorist inspector who goes to a whorehouse for a dominance session while the terrorists are publishing their book and selling it at Fiorucci's." The irony of the scenario derives from the deadpan presentation of these far-from-implausible situations; for the B's, hypocrisy, horror, and humor are united in an unlikely equation, and sarcasm, "the repartee that edges a knife under a person's skin," becomes the measuring needle on the laugh-o-meter.

Pointed political critique surfaces in ***Black Box***, which simulates the disorientation and nerve destruction produced by an

Lydia Lunch doesn't find very much to laugh at in *Vortex*.

actual torture device that is manufactured in Texas with a barrage of noise and psychedelic imagery that "traps an audience and forces them to react." Equally chilling, the 1979 short ***Letters to Dad*** creates a tone poem from the combination of a low electronic hum and talking head recitations of letters written to Jim Jones by his followers.

The Offenders, originally executed as an eight-week serial in 1979-80, proves the B's are not bereft of humor. Adele Bertei stars as a streetwise gang leader who escapes a kidnapping by the nefarious Lizard (Lurie), and an attempted reconciliation with her distraught father (Bill Rice) who drinks vodka with Pepto-Bismol chasers. Hammy acting, sight gags, and a soap opera-cum-surf music soundtrack heighten the fun, but the B's achieve more than classic j.d. kitsch —offering pictorial compositions worthy of Samuel Fuller (*Pickup on South Street*), narration reminiscent of a low-rent James M. Cain, and solid characterizations.

The 16mm ***Vortex*** (screened at the '82 New York Film Festival, and arguably the first above-ground B-movie), "was based on our research and paranoia about the government trying to control aberrant groups and corporate involvement with government activities." Lydia Lunch displays throwaway comic brilliance as Angel Powers, the hard-boiled, couldn't-give-a-shit private eye. While investigating a reclusive weapons manufacturer (Bill Rice in the best-ever portrayal of the Howard Hughes persona), Angel encounters complications by unwittingly falling in love with Demmer (James Russo), the organization's psychotically ambitious right-hand man, with murder and mayhem the obvious result.

On an unbelievably low budget (approx. $100,000), the B's manage to achieve their most stylish imagery to date, with deliberately paced, often excruciatingly long takes that emphasize the feeling that "you're watching the whole thing through a surveillance camera." The opening scene was intended to utilize Abscam transcripts, but the language was so foul that the B's rewrote it, fearing that the audience wouldn't believe it. "Reality is so much weirder than fiction," Scott concludes, "it's insane."

—David Keeps

(B Movies, 45 Crosby St., New York City 10012)

The B List
(The B's favorite B-films)
Testament of Doctor Mabuse (Fritz Lang)
The Naked Kiss (Samuel Fuller)
Der Golem (original silent version)
Once Upon a Time in the West (Sergio Leone)
Straightjacket (William Castle)
Written on the Wind (Douglas Sirk)
Requiem for a Heavyweight (Ralph Nelson's TV version)
Repulsion (Roman Polanski)
Freaks (Todd Browning)

B LP

Beth and Scott B's ***Vortex Soundtrack*** (Neutral Records) is the rarest of treats—mood music for manic depressives—featuring some of downtown Manhattan's most innovative musicians in a pastiche of cheap thriller jazz, funky bass riffs, and sleazy saxophony. Thrill to "Main Title"'s haunting strains, featuring **Konk** members **Richard Edson** and **Angel Quinones**, and **Lounge Lizard John Lurie** on sax. Chill to Scott and Beth B hammering away on piano strings on "Demmer's Theme," and "Stairs." Melt to the mournful piano refrain in the otherwise ominous "End Zone" by the B's and avant-composer **Jeffrey Lohn**. Squirm to the twisted slide guitar and gruesome vocals of **Lydia Lunch**'s "Grey Death." Groove to the ultra-subversive dance mix of "Black Box Disco," featuring actual dialogue ("Shut up . . . shut up and suffer.") from that film set to an irresistable boogie beat. And, best yet, swoon to the silken balladry of co-producer **Adele Bertei** (of the late, lamented Bloods) on "Once in a Lifetime," a potent snippet that proves there's soul below 14th Street.

—David Keeps

(Neutral Records, 415 Lafayette St., NY 10003)

CLASSICAL MODERNISM

They still write classical music? Sounds weird. Classical music means Mozart, Bach, Beethoven—*the classics*. Today's music is rock, jazz, country, R&B, Broadway, maybe *Star Wars* and hardcore. What's left for classical composers to do? And classical audiences mostly like the old stuff anyway, as if they listen to classical music mainly as an escape from the modern world.

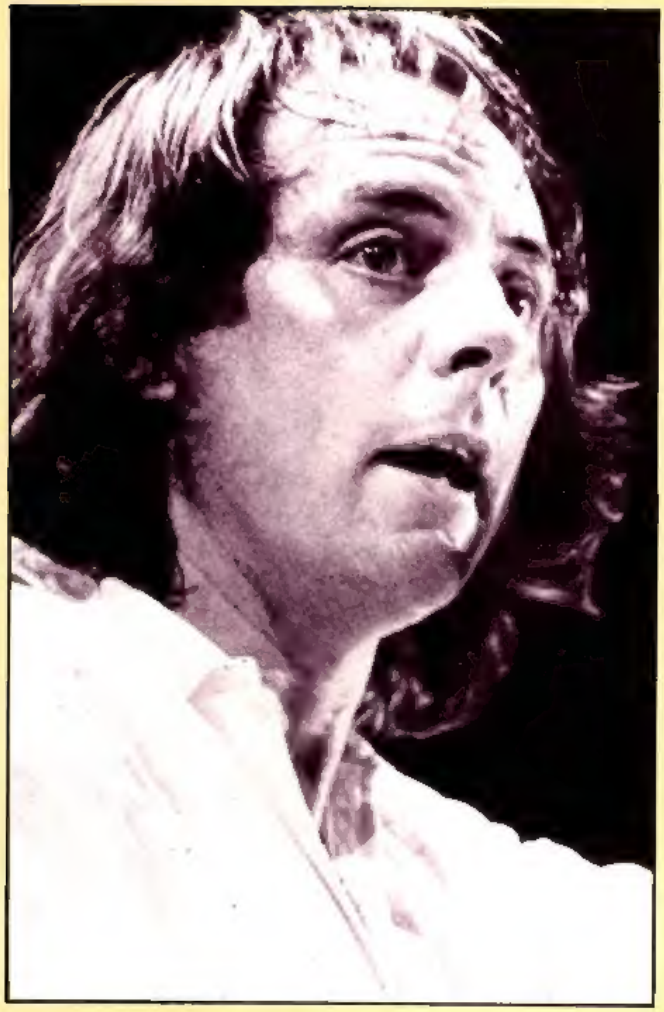
But composers are still writing it. They're in an odd spot—like scholars, their audience is each other (though every so often, as a sociologist bursts into public view on the *New York Times*' Op-Ed page, one of them breaks out of the "new music" ghetto and gets a piece played by the New York Philharmonic). No wonder so much of their music is dry; no wonder that even when it isn't, they often talk about it in jargon only other composers can understand, making it seem far less appealing than it really is.

And yes, a lot of it *is* appealing. Or maybe that's the wrong word. Melody—catchy or surgingly passionate—was well-mapped territory as far back as a hundred years ago. Modern music has its own kind of melody: biting (Bartok, Shostakovich), delirious (Schoenberg, Berg, Boulez), or free-floating and purified (Lou Harrison, John Cage in his early works, like the String Quartet). But what's unique to *our* century is a love for new and dizzying extremes of sound: dissonant harmony; electronics; new instruments; new ways to combine old instruments, or even new ways to play them; disjointed or else brutally simple rhythms; lurching continuity; textures as busy and stimulating as Times Square on a Saturday night. Structure, too, was taken to extremes—in the fifties serial composers arranged the building blocks of music in arbitrary order, and then rearranged them over and over, in a fanatical search for cross-references between any moment in their music and everything that comes after and before. And finally there were extremes of stillness: music so quiet it was only a step away from silence.

"Melody—catchy or surgingly passionate—was well-mapped territory as far back as a hundred years ago."

Some of this has happened lately in rock; you've read about it here. What classical music offers is variety, intellectual challenge, and emotional depth, exactly (as I said here in January) what you look for when you turn from *Charlie's Angels* to *Moby Dick*, though with twentieth century works the comparison really ought to be with Joyce, Kafka, Borges, or Marquez. If you like art that takes an eggbeater to your heart and head, you ought to give modern classical music a try. And don't worry what the symphony crowd thinks—*you* might be just the audience the composers are waiting for.

—Gregory Sandow



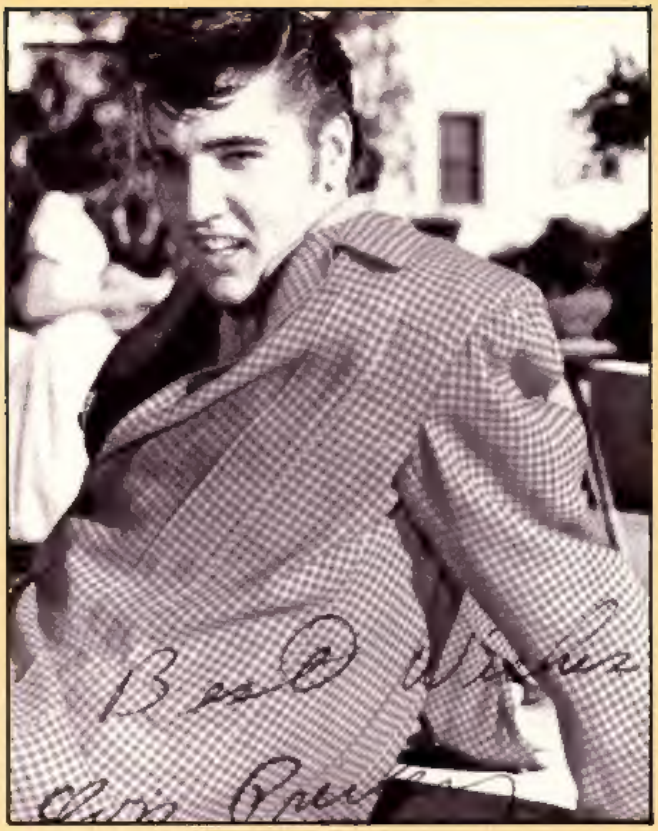
Karlheinz Stockhausen

Recommended Listening

Begin at the source: twentieth century classics like Bartok (*Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion; Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta; Third, Fourth* and *Fifth String Quartets*), Stravinsky (*The Rite of Spring, Les Noces*), Schoenberg (*Pierrot Lunaire, Five Pieces for Orchestra, String Trio*), Berg (*Lyric Suite, Wozzeck, Violin Concerto*), Webern (*Five Movements for String Quartet, Symphony Op. 21*), Ives ("*Holidays*" *Symphony*), Varese (*Ionization, Octandre*—a must for noise fans), and Ruggles (his complete music is on one double CBS album). The choices listed below are both personal favorites and authentic post-war Greatest Hits, limited mainly by the availability of records, preferably on major labels so you'll have some hope of finding them. I've left out conservatives who try to write like the classical composers of the past. Some of them write good music, but what can you learn from it? I've left out minimalists like Riley, Glass, and Reich because their music has crossover pop appeal and you may (should) already know it. The Americans on my list are mostly experimental, and the Europeans mostly mainstream; non-experimental Americans who feel like complaining should write better music instead.

Luciano Berio, *Coro* (DG), *Sinfonia* (CBS), *Visage* (Candide).

Pierre Boulez, *Le Marteau Sans Maitre* (CBS).
John Cage, *Etudes Australes* (Tomato), *(Sonatas and Interludes for Prepared Piano* (Tomato), *25-Year Retrospective Concert* (Avakian), *String Quartet* (Vox, Turnabout, DG).
George Crumb, *Ancient Voices of Children* (Nonesuch), *Black Angels* (Vox, Turnabout).
David Del Tredici, *Final Alice* (London).
Morton Feldman, *Rothko Chapel* (Odyssey).
Lou Harrison, *Suite for Violin, Piano and Small Orchestra* (CRI), *Concerto for Violin and Percussion Ensemble* (Turnabout).
Gyorgy Ligeti, *Atmospheres* (CBS), *Aventures, Nouvelles Aventures* (Candide).
Olivier Messiaen, *Quartet for the End of Time* (Philips, Angel, DG), *Turangalila-Symphonie* (Angel).
Conlon Nancarrow, *Studies for Player Piano* (1750 Arch).
Karlheinz Stockhausen, *Momente* (Nonesuch).



Elvis. Was he cool, or what?

GUYS AND DULLS

Truly cool people can't be told what to wear because they already know. But if you're *not* cool (come on, look in the mirror) and you want to pick up your life with some *attitude*, you might need more than a tube of Brylcreem. There is new hope for L-7's with ***The Catalog of Cool***, edited by **Gene Sculatti** (Warner), an up-to-the-minute reference guide to the most sought after state of mind. This view of cool, through rose-colored sunglasses, sings the praise of junk food, mixed drinks, and cars, while immortalizing such hipster saints as Robert Mitchum (the first movie star busted for pot) and Jack Kerouac in a Hall of Cult Fame, all told in a series of articles by various writers. Less substantial are the endless, arbitrary lists of cool movies, TV shows, and bands, but Sculatti has included addresses for rural cats interested in mail-order cool. I don't have to tell you to snap your fingers instead of clapping, do I?

"*Elvis* is the most visually thorough biography since Norman Mailer took on Marilyn Monroe."

If you're still not in wild social demand after reading *Cool*, it's always advisable to follow the example of the genuine article. A worthy addition to your reference shelf is ***Elvis: The Illustrated Record*** by **Roy Carr** and **Mick Farren** (Harmony), the most visually thorough biography since Norman Mailer took on Marilyn Monroe. The book lingers over Elvis the Icon from every angle, and each stage of his career—Rockabilly Elvis, G.I. Elvis, Movie Star Elvis, Vegas Elvis—is enshrined on page after page. Special credit should go to *Elvis*'s art staff for making the book rise above the level of other monotonous rockumentaries on Presley—it's a beauty. Carr and Farren's intelligent text is packed with backstage information and, thankfully, doesn't slobber over any graveyard gossip. And the book's filmography and discography (which even include bootlegs) are as meticulous as CIA reports.

—Steven Maloff

THE METAL BOX

Records in heavy rotation in Lou's living room . . .

The Residents, *Intermission* (Ralph)
Simple Minds, *New Gold Dream* (Virgin/A&M)
Captain Beefheart, *Ice Cream for Crow* (Virgin/Epic)
Cabaret Voltaire, *HAI!* (Rough Trade), *2×45* (U.K. Rough Trade), and as "The Pressure Company," *Live In Sheffield 19 Jan 82* (U.K. Solid)
Stephen Mallinder (of Cabaret Voltaire), "Temperature Drop"/"Cool Down" (U.K. Fetish)
Modern English, *After the Snow* (U.K. 4A.D.)
Riuichi Sakamoto (of Yellow Magic Orchestra), *Left-Handed Dream* (Epic)
Scritti Politti, *Songs to Remember* (U.K. Rough Trade)
Swans EP (Labor)
Japan, "Nightporter"/"Methods of Dance"
You've Got Foetus On Your Breath, "Ache" (U.K. Self Immolation), and as "Foetus Over Frisco," *Custom-Built for Capitalism* EP (U.K. Self-Immolation)
Wall of Voodoo, *Call of the West* (IRS)
Grauzone (U.K. EMI)
D.A.F., *Für Immer* (U.K. Virgin)

—Lou Stathis

and the fresh inventiveness of *Love and Rockets* (see Lou and Matt elsewhere in this issue), Fantagraphics also covers sf-adventure with ***Dalgoda*** ($2.00) by **Dennis Fujitake** and *HM* contributor **Jan Strnad**, plus sex-oriented funny animals inked thirties-style by NYC cartoonist **Milton Knight, Jr.**, in ***Hugo*** ($2.00). The bi-monthly ***Nemo*** ($3.50), edited by Richard Marschall, combines classic newspaper strip reprints with authoritative articles by Ron Goulart, Bill Blackbeard and others digging into the history of comics.

—Bhob

(Fantagraphics Inc., 196 West Haviland Lane, Stamford CT 06903)

WHAT'RE THE ALTERNATIVES?

History repeats itself. Some of the greatest comic books of the forties (*Doll Man, Spirit, Military*) emanated from the offices of E. M. "Busy" Arnold's Quality Comics in Stamford, Connecticut. Appropriately enough, Stamford now figures prominently in a comic rebirth, spearheaded by Gary Groth's **Fantagraphics Books**. Groth's lively, controversial ***The Comics Journal*** ($14.95 for nine hefty issues) has long served as both an informative trade publication for toilers in the comic book industry, and as a blistering critic of their output. With *TCJ*'s high standards, it's no surprise to find Groth's initial line of alternative comics also aiming for the apex with a diversity of titles.

The heavy artillery in Fantagraphics' arsenal is ***The Survivors!*** ($5.95), published in the 46-page full-color European album format. The story follows two youths, Jeremiah and Kurdy, on horseback across the wasteland of post-holocaust America. As written and drawn (beautifully!) by leading Belgian artist **Hermann Huppen**, this series appeared under its original title of "Jeremiah" in *Metal Hurlant* during 1979. Fantagraphics editor Kim Thompson refers to Huppen as "undeniably, one of Europe's very finest comics artists." Agreed.

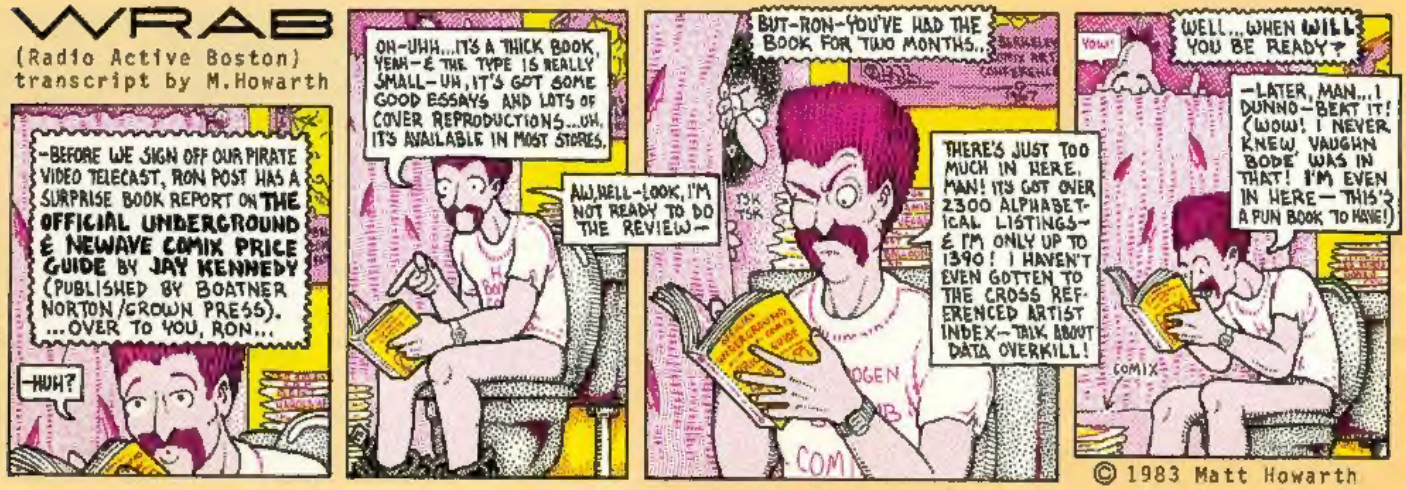
Comics set in the American West are currently more popular in Europe than here. Perhaps that explains why Texan **Jack Jackson** ("Jaxon") is the USA's lone star artist of western comics. For two decades Jackson has left dust trails while staking a claim on every frontier in sight: college humor mags (*Texas Ranger*), early satirical undergrounds (*God Nose*), psychedelic rock posters (Family Dog art director), and horror-fantasy (*Skull*) before concentrating on westerns (*Comanche Moon*) beginning in 1977. Fantagraphics offers his latest, ***Los Tejanos*** ($7.95), as a 140-page paperback chronicling the true story of Tex-Mex freedom-fighter Juan N. Sequin. Mucho maps and documents confirm the extent of Jackson's research, evident in both writing and art. Slapping leather and spurring at full gallop, Jackson is keeping pace with that Wild Bunch of European Western artists led by Jean Giraud and his "Lieutenant Blueberry."

In addition to *Savage!*

SILLY SAVAGE

Whining's easy (I should know), and while putting your money where your mouth is might be nobler, it's also a great way to choke yourself if you blow it. The boys at Fantagraphics have been whining for a while (in *The Comics Journal*), and recently they've taken to publishing their own comics —presumably to show the guys at their criticism's receiving end, The Way It Should Be Done. Unfortunately, their republication of **Gil Kane**'s ***Savage*** is prime gag material, a perfect example of what sucks

WRAB
(Radio Active Boston)
transcript by M.Howarth


-BEFORE WE SIGN OFF OUR PIRATE VIDEO TELECAST, RON POST HAS A SURPRISE BOOK REPORT ON THE OFFICIAL UNDERGROUND & NEWAVE COMIX PRICE GUIDE BY JAY KENNEDY (PUBLISHED BY BOATNER NORTON/CROWN PRESS). ...OVER TO YOU, RON...
-HUH?
OH-UHH...IT'S A THICK BOOK, YEAH-& THE TYPE IS REALLY SMALL-UH, IT'S GOT SOME GOOD ESSAYS AND LOTS OF COVER REPRODUCTIONS...UH, IT'S AVAILABLE IN MOST STORES.
AW, HELL-LOOK, I'M NOT READY TO DO THE REVIEW-
BUT-RON-YOU'VE HAD THE BOOK FOR TWO MONTHS..
THERE'S JUST TOO MUCH IN HERE, MAN! IT'S GOT OVER 2300 ALPHABETICAL LISTINGS-& I'M ONLY UP TO 1390! I HAVEN'T EVEN GOTTEN TO THE CROSS REFERENCED ARTIST INDEX-TALK ABOUT DATA OVERKILL!
WELL...WHEN WILL YOU BE READY?
-LATER, MAN...I DUNNO-BEAT IT! (WOW! I NEVER KNEW VAUGHN BODE' WAS IN THAT! I'M EVEN IN HERE-THIS'S A FUN BOOK TO HAVE!)

© 1983 Matt Howarth

about mainstream comics and why only pud-brained juveniles seem to enjoy them.

Originally published in 1967 by an independent distributor (with a cover swiping Lee Marvin's face from the film *Point Blank*), *Savage* follows the tediously familiar macho-stud, adolescent-wank, fantasy prototype plaguing action-oriented comics and fiction (strong men quiver and women lubricate when he Duke-ishly strides by). Add some *Man from U.N.C.L.E./Nick Fury, Agent of S.H.E.I.L.D.* super-spy horseshit, the standard-issue, crazed-with-revenge-lust maxi-villain, and some really putrid writing by a usually-okay Archie Goodwin (now *Epic Illustrated* editor), and you've got another dumb comic that deserves to languish in obscurity.

"Gil Kane's *Savage* is prime gag material."

But the Fantagraphics crew has not allowed *Savage* to remain interred by history. Instead, they've presented us with a ludicrously pretentious introduction by R. C. Harvey hailing this dog as a groundbreaking effort in the "graphic novel" genre, where words and pictures achieve blissful union. Forget it. Setting aside Goodwin's grammatical goof-ups ("Blood jetted blackly from his ears and nostrils."—a color description cannot be used as an adverb), and his clumsy gropings for melodramatic punch ("A flicker of a smile touched the cruel slash that was Savage's mouth, and his hard, dark eyes grew distant . . ."), his text—no matter how good it could've been—is just plain redundant, unnecessarily repeating what is easily discernable from the art. As is the case with most comic book writers, the Goodwin of fifteen years ago was too prose bound for what is ideally an art-based medium. These lame clumps of text act only as obstructions to the smooth wheels of Kane's visual storytelling (learned from acknowledged masters like Kurtzman and Eisner, who as their own scripters could control the text as well as the art).

Some pantywaist eats lead lunch in Gil Kane's *Savage*.

In the context of its time, *Savage* perhaps could be considered an adequate pulp comic; certainly it's not deserving of attention, let alone resuscitation and bestowal of a pivotal historical role. Do the publishers and editors of this volume really believe that jive?

—Lou Stathis

LOVE THAT ROCKET

Compromise is a key element in all comic books. To maintain accessibility to the masses, comic storytelling and art are fully subservient to the echoing gap most publishers imagine exists between their readers' ears.

Compromise is the only element missing from **Gilbert and Jaime Hernandez**'s ***Love and Rockets*** (Fantagraphics). Thank God. These West Coast brothers provide over sixty pages of rapid-fire, well-choreographed storytelling—whether chasing the monster in Gilbert's epic "BEM," or following the girls in Jaime's shorter pieces. The monster's stoic rampage and behemoth reactions as the villains try to con it, form a wry drama akin to Jerry Lewis trying to outwit Giger's Alien; while Jaime's female characters are refreshing contradictions to the comic-book norm of women with tits bigger than their brains. The brothers' concern for detail is almost fanatical as they ruthlessly lampoon the set formulas found in life and other forms of entertainment.

The book's art work is impressive, with a lively fluidity that carries the reader through the intricate storylines. Influences flash from the Golden Age of brushwork, to Steve Ditko's slicker days, to a European softness.

The result is a large canvas of many details—a pleasure to read over and over again—and hell, even more.

—Matt Howarth

KNOCKED ABOUT

The U. K. powers-that-be seem to have it in for **Knockabout Comics**, a publisher/distributor busted twice in the past eighteen months. Back in October of '81, eagle-eyed customs officials decided that the cat-fucking discretely depicted on the cover of ***Bizarre Sex*** #9 (Reed Waller's *Omaha, the Cat Dancer*) offended their sense of decency; an opinion shared later by the court, who promptly banned the book from sale in England. This past July, John (Bull) Law struck again, this time materializing as an Obscene Publications Squad sweep through two London distributors and two hinterland retailers in search of literature encouraging illicit drug use. Netted in this bold bit of longarming were issues of *Dope Comix* (earlier passed up by customs guys), copies of *Mama Coca* (an anthropology text on coca-leaf chewing among the Indians of Colombia), some Furry Freak Bros. adventures, and several information pamphlets published by Release, a drug-counseling organization. This latter case has yet to come to court, as the public prosecutor sits on $20,000 worth of Knockabout's stock deciding whether or not to try these depraved corrupters of youth. Welcome to the eighties.

In an effort to get back on their feet, Knockabout has produced a special **'OBSCENE ISSUE!'** of their regular *Knockabout Comics* anthology series (#4). Along with some previously printed donations from American well-wishers (Crumb, Griffith, Wilson, and Shelton), the book includes some top-notch work by British undergrounders spear-headed by **Hunt Emerson**'s hilarious "A, B, Seize It!," the story of obscenity told in Kurtzman-burlesque style. It alone is worth the price of the book (Emerson's solo book ***Thunderdogs***, also published by Knockabout, is equally worth seeking out). Send money and expressions of cartoonal solidarity to: Knockabout Comics, 249 Kensal Road, London W. 10, UK (U.S. Inquiries to: Krupp Comic Works, P.O. Box 7, Princeton WI 54968).

—Lou Stathis

Hunt Emerson gives the lowdown on smut in *Knockabout Comics*.

Judge Dredd: Maggie Thatcher's secret weapon.

DREDDFUL

Judge Dredd is Britain's Captain America. The main difference is that where Cap fights for justice, the Judge kills for the law. The scenario is a violent, post-holocaust world, blighted by mutants, junkies, and robot vampires—where the law must be quick or non-existent.

Throughout the three compilation volumes recently released in the U.S. (***Judge Dredd***, and ***The Cursed Earth*** parts 1 and 2), the art varies from the slick, almost Russ Manning style of **Brian Bolland** (predominant in the first volume), to the harried, cluttered work of **Mike McMahon** (understandable when you consider the latter must produce seven Dredd pages a week for *2000 A.D.*, the British magazine wherein the Judge's chronicles appear).

The first volume's tales, written by **John Wagner**, are fast-paced, ingenious, and a good introduction to the character and his manner of law enforcement. The two later volumes, however, written by **Pat Mills**, smack too heavily of Zelazny's *Damnation Alley*, enhanced only by the lack of budgetary restrictions and option for bloodshed that comics afford over film.

—Matt Howarth

(Distribution by Seagate, 657 5th Avenue, Brooklyn NY 11215.)

BROODING ON CORBEN

Richard Corben's newest book, ***Jeremy Brood*** (Fantagor Press), represents nothing if not a triumph over artistic difficulties. This volume (the first in a series) gives Corben back to his once-enthusiastic fans. *It's about time, too!*

Corben's star began to fade in the late seventies, when he took on projects that should've furthered his career, but didn't. After adapting Robert E. Howard's *Bloodstar*, Corben began creating other epic-length comic-strip dramas. But with *Den*, the format didn't seem to be working for him, and it changed the nature of his work. Where his early comics were densely detailed and known for their fast paced choreography and gritty action, *Den* was simplified to the point of vagueness. Certainly the figures were now lushly painted, but the detailed backgrounds were almost non-existent. And breaking this epic into eight-page episodes destroyed the continuity and introduced a new factor into Corben's portfolio: boredom. (Of course, this is the opinion of Mr. Steffan, and not that of the editor of *HM*.)

With his next project, *New Tales of the Arabian Nights*, Corben brought in writer Jan Strnad. A good sign, as this collaboration had produced a string of impressive underground strips, often surpassing Corben's solo work. Strnad's script *did* allow Corben to bring back some detail, but it also called for an elegance that the artist couldn't muster (his chunky style just wasn't appropriate), and the story was never entirely satisfying.

Next was *Den II*, which compounded all of the original's mistakes. It's boring, and the less said about it, the better.

Jeremy Brood appears to be Corben's attempt to make up for *Den II*, and it's a remarkable improvement. Strnad's script is considerably more intelligent and thoroughly appropriate to Corben's powerful style. Best, though, is the creators' new-found understanding of what is needed to make the multi-chapter, epic-format work. Instead of short, uneventful chapters, we are offered a single forty-eight page, book-length chapter that provides enough background detail, character development, and action to easily sustain the wait until the second chapter/book is published. The heavily-detailed panels that characterize Corben's best work are back. The figures are rendered in his painterly style, while the backgrounds are colorful line drawings. This, combined with some innovative page layouts and Strnad's script, brings a lot of the old Corben excitement back.

While the book has its flaws—sloppy word balloons and sound effects, and a rather dull cover—*Jeremy Brood* is colorful, sexy, violent, a little silly, and well worth the money and time you'll invest in it. It is everything *Den II* is not. What more of a recommendation do you need?

—Dan Steffan

(*Jeremy Brood* is available for $5.95 from Fantagor Press, P.O. Box 5425, Kansas City MO 64131.)

HARD-BOILED DISC

Watching TV or video is generally something you do when you don't want to *do* anything—but a new laser disc is demanding that you be directly involved in what you see. It's **Vidmax**'s new "MysteryDisc," called ***Murder, Anyone?***, and you get

to choose the plot sequence yourself, in turn determining whodunit, how they dunit, and why.

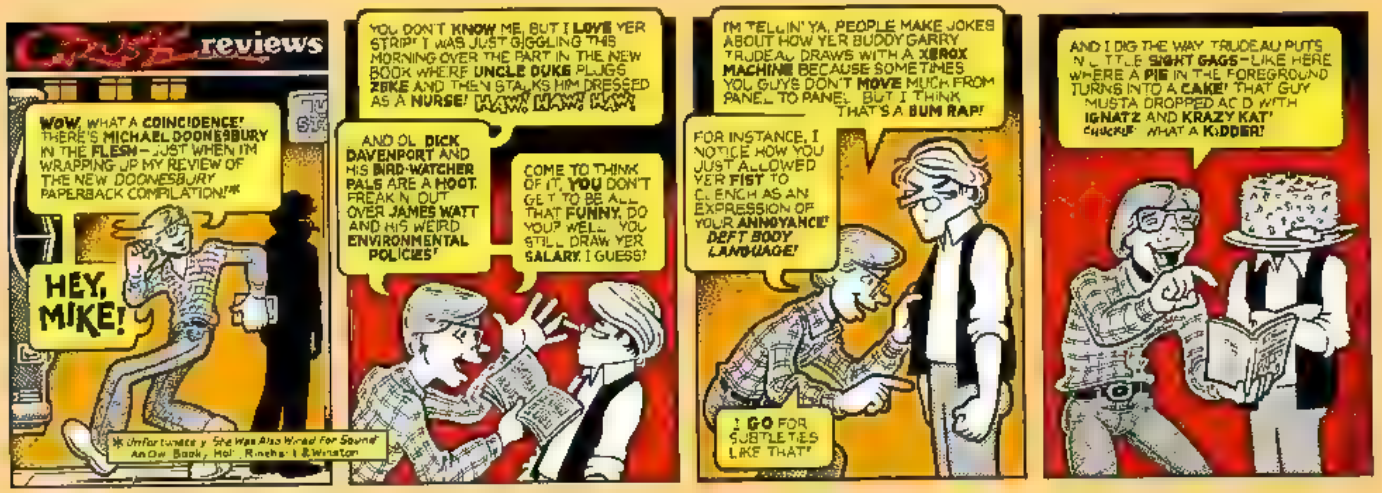
Here's how it works. Millionaire Derrick Reardon is found shot to death in his own bathroom with his own gun. Hard-boiled private eye Stew Cavanaugh comes in to interview the suspects, each of whom has a possible motive for having murdered him, but each of whom also has an iron-clad alibi. It's up to Stew—and you—to figure it out. Four times, the action stops for you to make a decision—which plot segment will you move ahead to? You also get to choose clues from the "Investigation File." When you guess the correct murderer for that particular sequence, a still frame reads, "Correct! You win!"

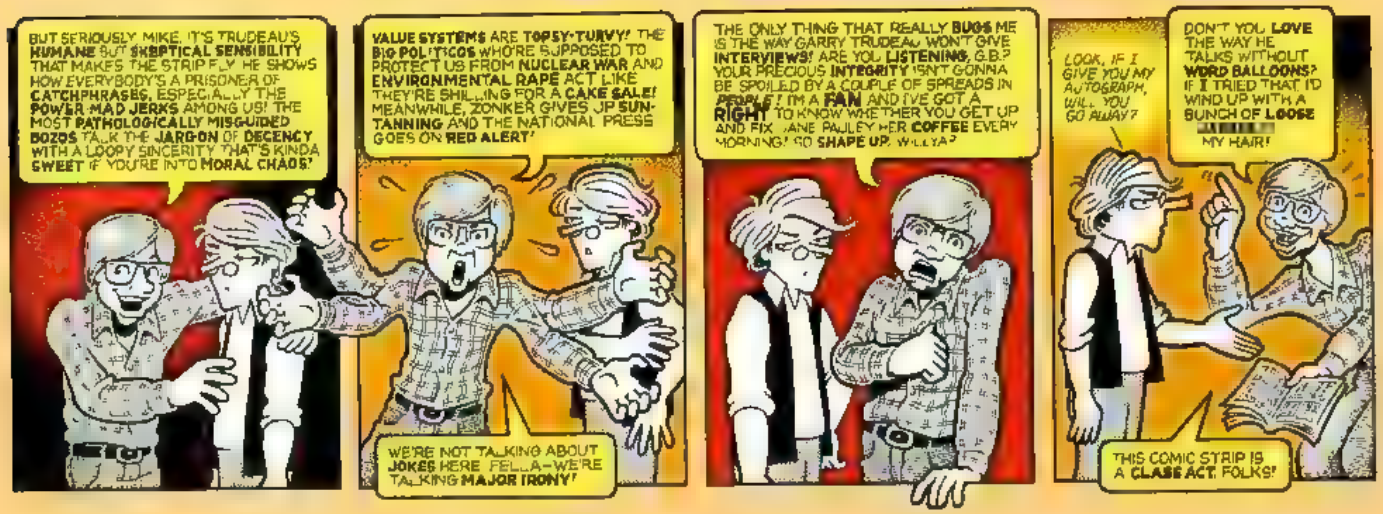
There are sixteen possible ways this mystery can be solved—i.e., you can play this disc sixteen different times and come up with a different murderer each time by using all the special laser disc features (dual sound tracks, automatic stops, freeze frames, searches). This ingenious device allows a potential fifteen hours of total viewing time to be packed into a mere side of a disc.

This kind of "interactive" disc has been used for kiddie items like *Fun and Games*, but never before with a live action plot. It's slickly done with a professional cast, and was filmed in the Vanderbilt Museum. Four other MysteryDiscs are on the way.

It's all great fun, but be forewarned: one side effect of the MysteryDisc is a distorted sense of viewer power that may have you trying to change the endings of "Dynasty," "Hill Street Blues" and virtually everything else you see on the tube. It'll be hard to go back to doing nothing when you're watching something.

—Michael Musto

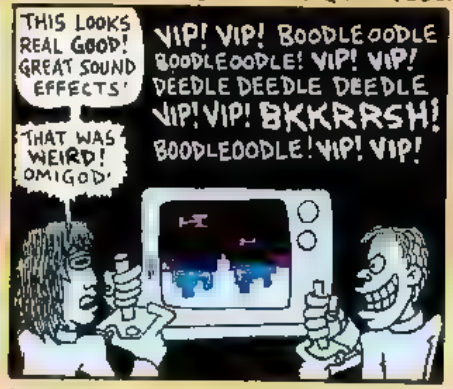

reviews
WOW, WHAT A COINCIDENCE! THERE'S MICHAEL DOONESBURY IN THE FLESH—JUST WHEN I'M WRAPPING UP MY REVIEW OF THE NEW DOONESBURY PAPERBACK COMPILATION!*
HEY, MIKE!
* Unfortunately, She Was Also Hired For Sound! An Owl Book, Holt, Rinehart & Winston
YOU DON'T KNOW ME, BUT I LOVE YER STRIP! I WAS JUST GIGGLING THIS MORNING OVER THE PART IN THE NEW BOOK WHERE UNCLE DUKE PLUGS ZEKE AND THEN STALKS HIM DRESSED AS A NURSE! HAWW HAWW HAWW
AND OL' DICK DAVENPORT AND HIS BIRD-WATCHER PALS ARE A HOOT. FREAK'N OUT OVER JAMES WATT AND HIS WEIRD ENVIRONMENTAL POLICIES!
COME TO THINK OF IT, YOU DON'T GET TO BE ALL THAT FUNNY, DO YOU? WELL... YOU STILL DRAW YER SALARY, I GUESS!
I'M TELLIN' YA, PEOPLE MAKE JOKES ABOUT HOW YER BUDDY GARRY TRUDEAU DRAWS WITH A XEROX MACHINE! BECAUSE SOMETIMES YOU GUYS DON'T MOVE MUCH FROM PANEL TO PANEL. BUT I THINK THAT'S A BUM RAP!
FOR INSTANCE, I NOTICE HOW YOU JUST ALLOWED YER FIST TO CLENCH AS AN EXPRESSION OF YOUR ANNOYANCE! DEFT BODY LANGUAGE!
I GO FOR SUBTLETIES LIKE THAT!
AND I DIG THE WAY TRUDEAU PUTS N. TTLE SIGHT GAGS—LIKE HERE WHERE A PIE IN THE FOREGROUND TURNS INTO A CAKE! THAT GUY MUSTA DROPPED ACID WITH IGNATZ AND KRAZY KAT! CHUCKLE. WHAT A KIDDER!

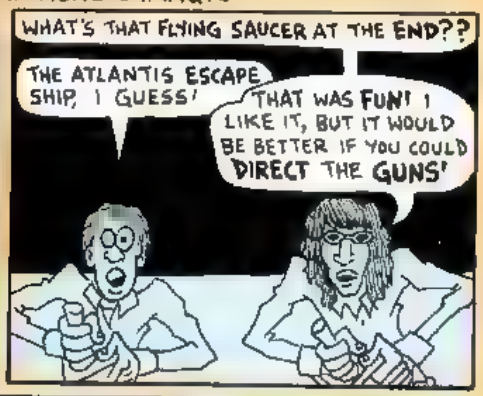

BUT SERIOUSLY, MIKE, IT'S TRUDEAU'S HUMANE BUT SKEPTICAL SENSIBILITY THAT MAKES THE STRIP FLY. HE SHOWS HOW EVERYBODY'S A PRISONER OF CATCHPHRASES, ESPECIALLY THE POWER-MAD JERKS AMONG US! THE MOST PATHOLOGICALLY MISGUIDED BOZOS TALK THE JARGON OF DECENCY WITH A LOOPY SINCERITY THAT'S KINDA SWEET IF YOU'RE INTO MORAL CHAOS!
VALUE SYSTEMS ARE TOPSY-TURVY! THE BIG POLITICOS WHO'RE SUPPOSED TO PROTECT US FROM NUCLEAR WAR AND ENVIRONMENTAL RAPE ACT LIKE THEY'RE SHILLING FOR A CAKE SALE! MEANWHILE, ZONKER GIVES UP SUNTANNING AND THE NATIONAL PRESS GOES ON RED ALERT!
WE'RE NOT TALKING ABOUT JOKES HERE, FELLA—WE'RE TALKING MAJOR IRONY!
THE ONLY THING THAT REALLY BUGS ME IS THE WAY GARRY TRUDEAU WON'T GIVE INTERVIEWS! ARE YOU LISTENING, G.B.? YOUR PRECIOUS INTEGRITY ISN'T GONNA BE SPOILED BY A COUPLE OF SPREADS IN PEOPLE! I'M A FAN AND I'VE GOT A RIGHT TO KNOW WHETHER YOU GET UP AND FIX JANE PAULEY HER COFFEE EVERY MORNING! SO SHAPE UP, WILLYA?
LOOK, IF I GIVE YOU MY AUTOGRAPH, WILL YOU GO AWAY?
DON'T YOU LOVE THE WAY HE TALKS WITHOUT WORD BALLOONS? IF I TRIED THAT I'D WIND UP WITH A BUNCH OF LOOSE LETTERS IN MY HAIR!
THIS COMIC STRIP IS A CLASS ACT, FOLKS!

JOEY RAMONE REVIEWS IMAGIC

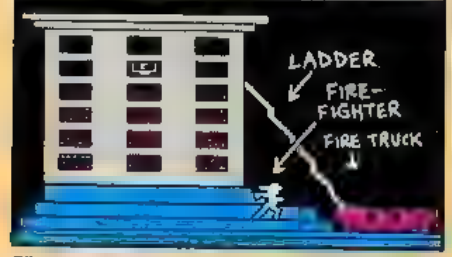
REVIEW ©JOHN HOLMSTROM 1983-GAMES AND GAME DESCRIPTIONS ©IMAGIC

"1ST GAME-**ATLANTIS**.. BLAST GORGON VESSELS BEFORE THEY COME CLOSE ENOUGH TO DEMOLISH ATLANTIS WITH THE DEATHRAY. SCORE BIG AND YOU CAN REPLACE PARTS OF THE CITY THE GORGONS HAVE HIT."


THIS LOOKS REAL GOOD! GREAT SOUND EFFECTS!
VIP! VIP! BOODLEOODLE BOODLEOODLE! VIP! VIP! DEEDLE DEEDLE DEEDLE VIP! VIP! BKKRRSH! BOODLEOODLE! VIP! VIP!
THAT WAS WEIRD! OMIGOD!

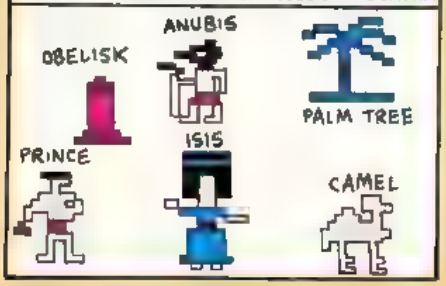

WHAT'S THAT FLYING SAUCER AT THE END??
THE ATLANTIS ESCAPE SHIP, I GUESS!
THAT WAS FUN! I LIKE IT, BUT IT WOULD BE BETTER IF YOU COULD DIRECT THE GUNS!

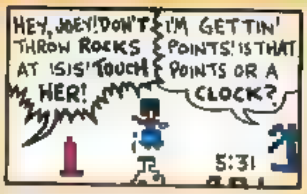
"2ND GAME-**FIREFIGHTER**.. RESCUE THE PANICKED MAN FROM THE BURNING WAREHOUSE...PUT OUT THE FLAMES WITH YOUR HOSE. RACE BACK TO THE ENGINE, JUMP ON, AND SCRAMBLE UP THE LADDER. **GET MOVING!**"

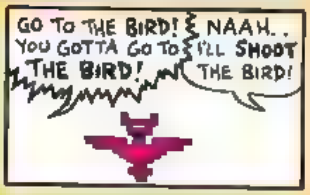


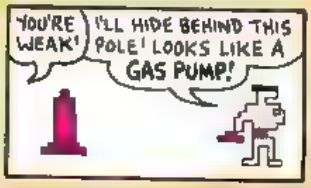
"3RD GAME-**RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX**.. THESE ARE DARK TIMES. DEATH'S LONG SHADOW RESTS ACROSS THE VALLEY OF KINGS. ANUBIS, JACKAL HEADED GOD OF THE DEAD, HAS CAST HIS CURSE OVER ALL OF THE PHARAOH'S KINGDOM. A PLAGUE OF SCORPIONS AND HORDES OF THIEVES LIE THICK UPON THE LAND. O HEAR THE THIN WHINE OF DESPAIR!

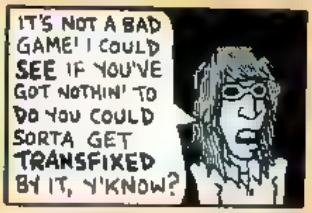
SING OF PHARAOH'S SON, ALL HAIL THE PRINCE OF EGYPT! DELIVER US FROM THE CURSE! BRAVE THE DANGERS OF THE DESERT SEEK THE ANSWER TO THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX."



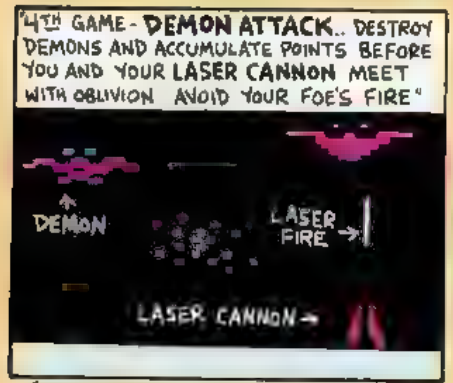








"4TH GAME-**DEMON ATTACK**.. DESTROY DEMONS AND ACCUMULATE POINTS BEFORE YOU AND YOUR LASER CANNON MEET WITH OBLIVION. AVOID YOUR FOE'S FIRE"

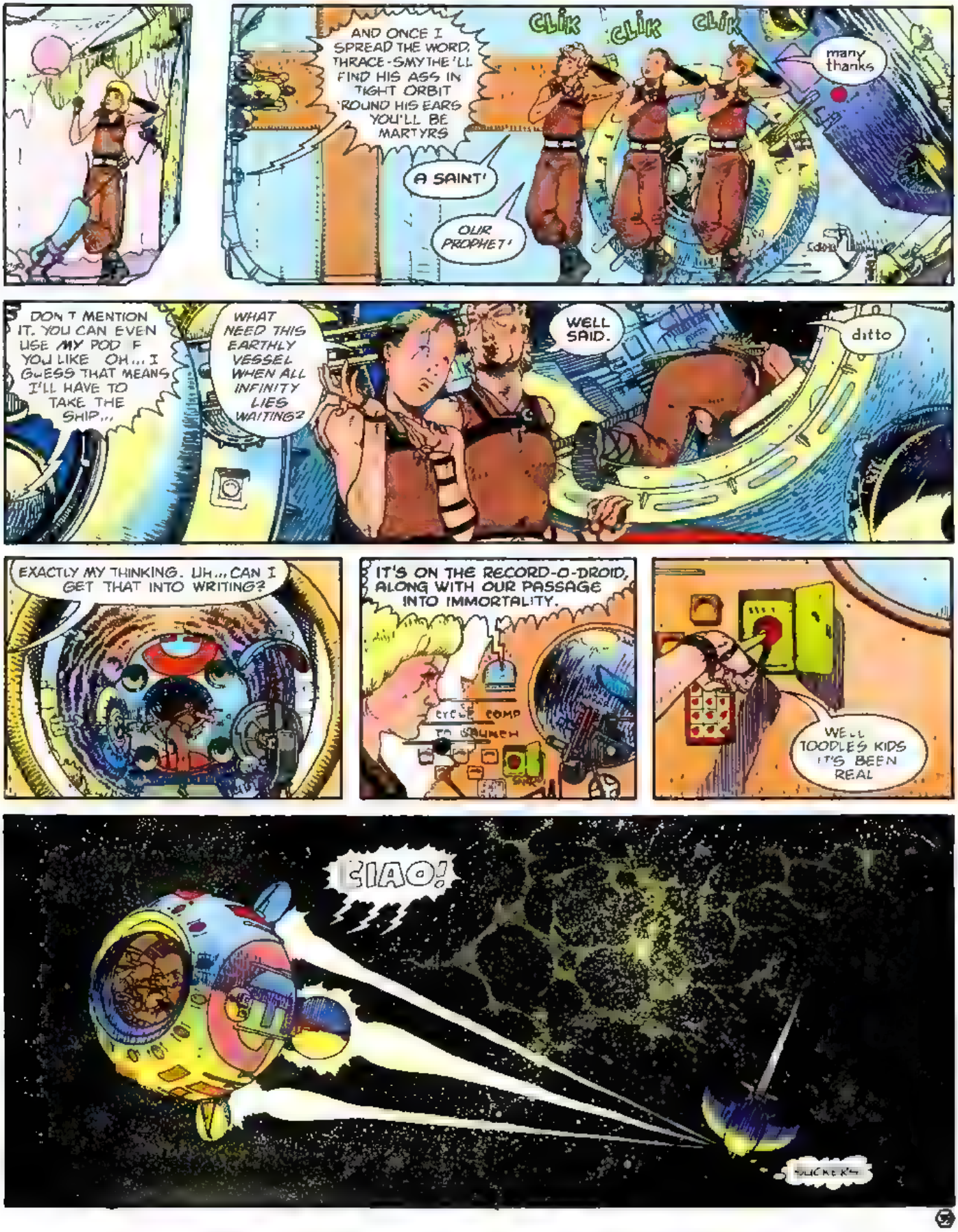


THE NEW RAMONES ALBUM-**CARNIVAL OF SOULS**-SHOULD BE OUT NOW, SO CHECK IT OUT! IT'S A GOOD ONE!

STARSTRUCK

WRITTEN BY *ELAINE LEE* · ILLUSTRATED BY *M. W. KALUTA*
LETTERED BY *TODD KLEIN*

GALATEA 9 WAS INITIATED INTO "THE CIRCLE" AND SAVED HER SKIN BY SENDING THREE STRANGE BEINGS OUT INTO THE GALAXY AND TURNING THE SPACESHIP AROUND


AND ONCE I SPREAD THE WORD, THRACE-SMYTHE'LL FIND HIS ASS IN TIGHT ORBIT 'ROUND HIS EARS YOU'LL BE MARTYRS
A SAINT!
OUR PROPHET!
CLIK
CLIK
CLIK
many thanks
DON'T MENTION IT. YOU CAN EVEN USE MY POD IF YOU LIKE. OH... I GUESS THAT MEANS I'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE SHIP...
WHAT NEED THIS EARTHLY VESSEL WHEN ALL INFINITY LIES WAITING?
WELL SAID.
ditto
EXACTLY MY THINKING. UH... CAN I GET THAT INTO WRITING?
IT'S ON THE RECORD-O-DROID, ALONG WITH OUR PASSAGE INTO IMMORTALITY.
WELL TOODLES KIDS IT'S BEEN REAL
CIAO!

CYCLE 134
ANARCHERA

VARIOUS POINTS OF INTEREST AROUND THE CIVILIZED UNIVERSE

"DEAD RECKONING"

"WHEN DEVILS WILL THE BLACKEST SINS PUT ON THEY DO SUGGEST IT FIRST WITH HEAVENLY SHOWS AS I DO NOW."
--IAGO
OTHELLO
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

YOU'RE SURE ABOUT THAT? HMMMMMM. THAT'S INTERESTING. THANKS.
YOU BET YOUR BOOTS, BARON OLE BUDDY! THIS ONE'S IN THE HOLDING BAY... AND MAKE THAT STANDARD CREDITS.
YOU'VE GOT A BET, WEATHERAL... 20,000 IT IS... IN... UH... STANDARD CRED.TS.
FIND OUT WHAT'S UP AND THEN STOP IT! I DON'T PLAN TO LOSE ANOTHER BET WITH "WINDBAG" WEATHERAL.
CERTAINLY, DEAR FATHER. I HAVE A FRIEND... A FRATERNITY BROTHER HE SHOULD BE DELIGHTED TO HELP US OUT.
IF THIS S TRUE... YOU BET YOUR SWEET ASS I'LL HELP. IF WE CAN'T WIN FAIR AND SQUARE, WE'LL LOSE BIG TIME.
THAT'S RIGHT, POP... I HEAR THERE'S A WRENCH IN THE WORKS -- IF-YOU-KNOW-WHAT-I-MEAN? NOTHING THAT ISN'T FIXABLE. JUST MAKE SURE I'M NAMED ATTACK CO-ORDINATER, THEN LEAVE IT TO ME.
I DON'T WANT TO KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS, SON. DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO.
IT'S DONE, DAD.

"I'VE GOT MY FINGER ON IT NOW"

CYCLE 134
ANARCHERA

AMERCADIAN SPACE:
COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES
▸ THE GRADUATING CLASS OF THE AMERCADIAN SPACE ACADEMY
—VS.—
▸ THE GRADUATING CLASS OF ST. ARNOLD ZAPOROFFSKY

Chapter VII

I remember it like it was yesterday. Myself and Sgt. "Cookie" Fabre were particl-patin' as point ship in the A.S.A class of 134 commencement games.

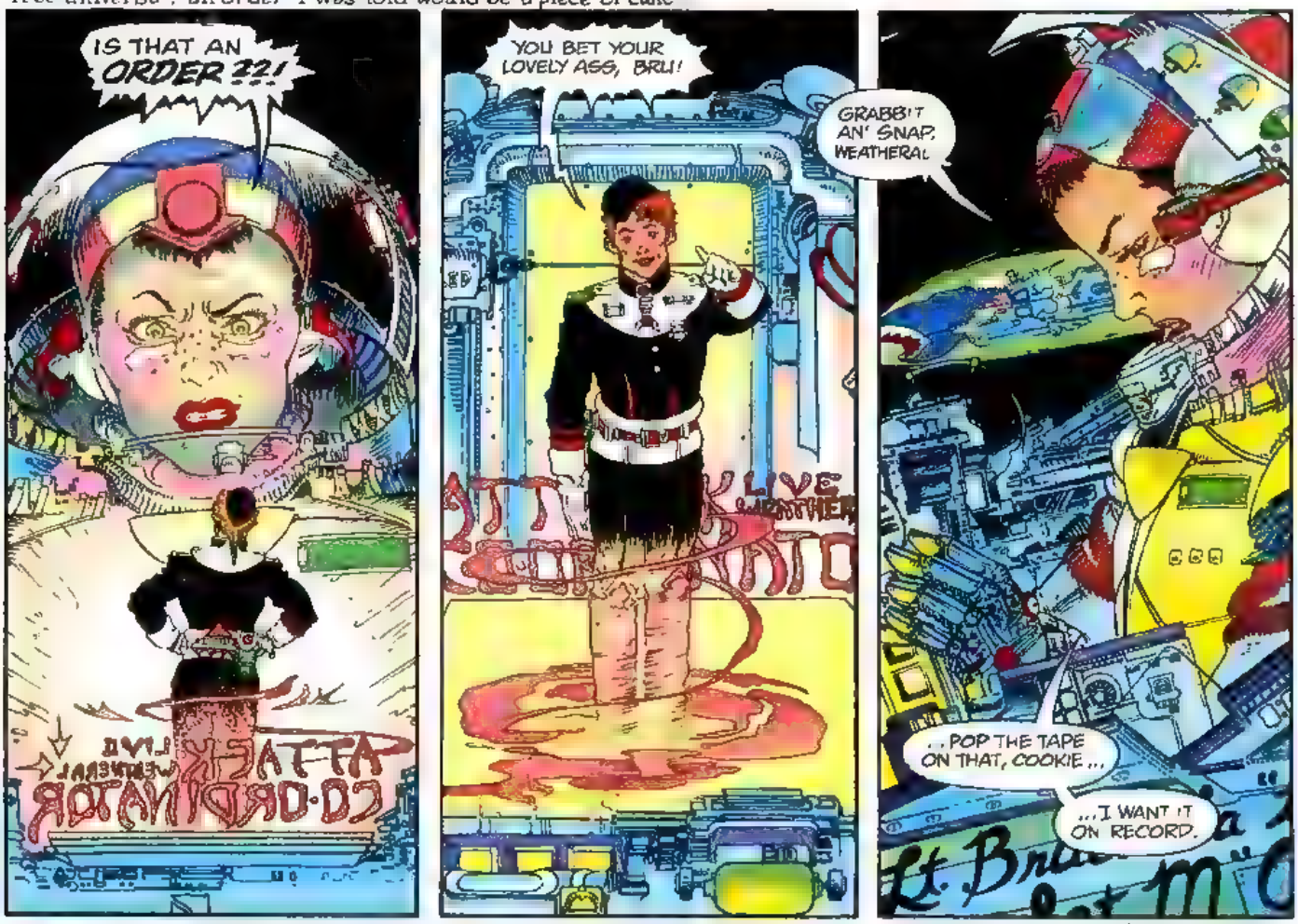
My spirits were as high as a giggle-head and my ego as shiny as my new commission.

Little did I know that I was about to receive an order.

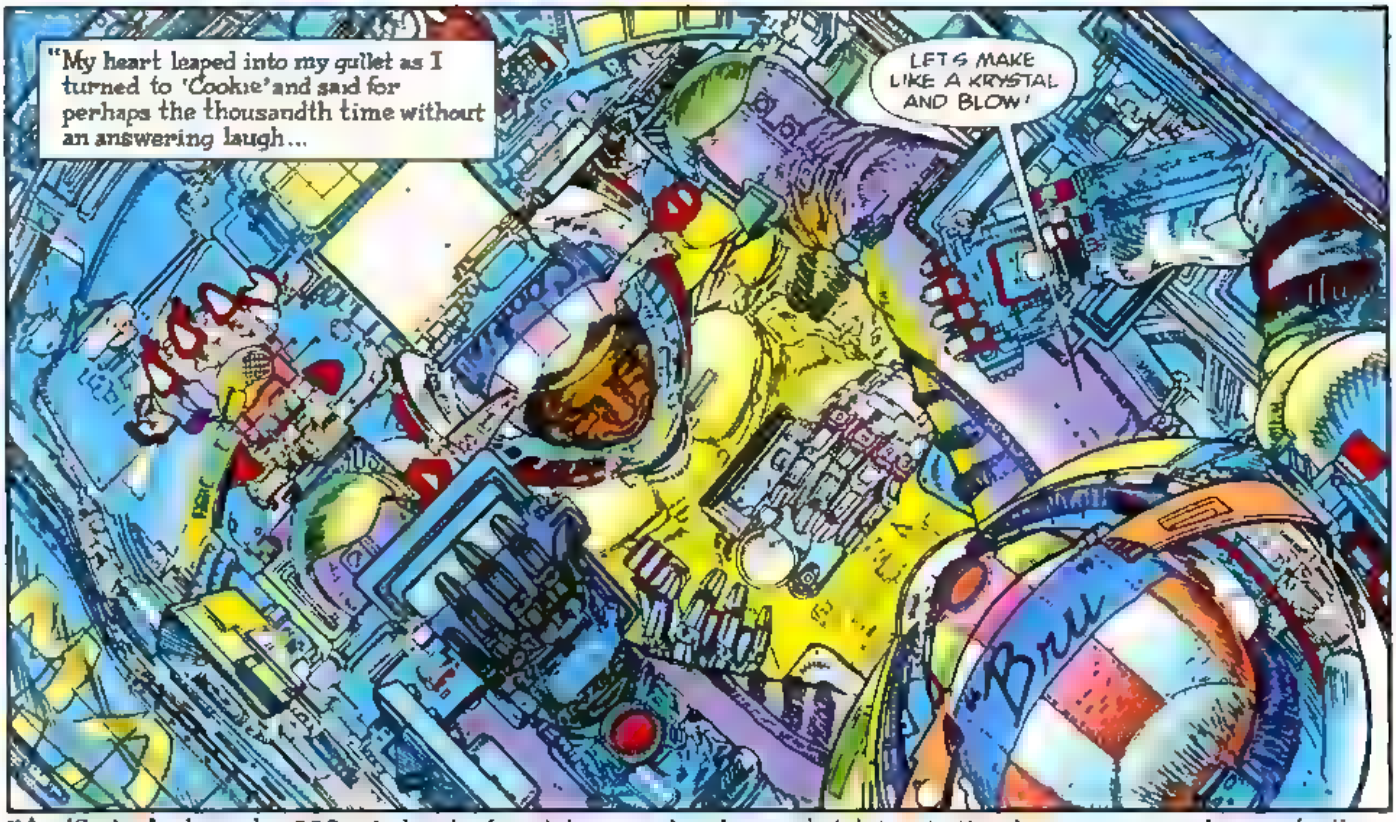
"A SHIP IS WOOD AND METAL, IS METAL, RIGGING AND SAIL SHE'S BUT AN IRON KETTLE, WHEN HEARTS ABOARD HER FAIL."
--JAMES A WILDER (CHIEF SEA SCOUT) THE SEA SCOUT MANUAL

"(S)HE WHO, FROM ZONE TO ZONE, GUIDES THROUGH THE BOUNDLESS SKY THY CERTAIN FLIGHT, IN THE LONG WAY THAT I MUST TREAD ALONE, WILL LEAD MY STEPS ARIGHT."
--BRYANT

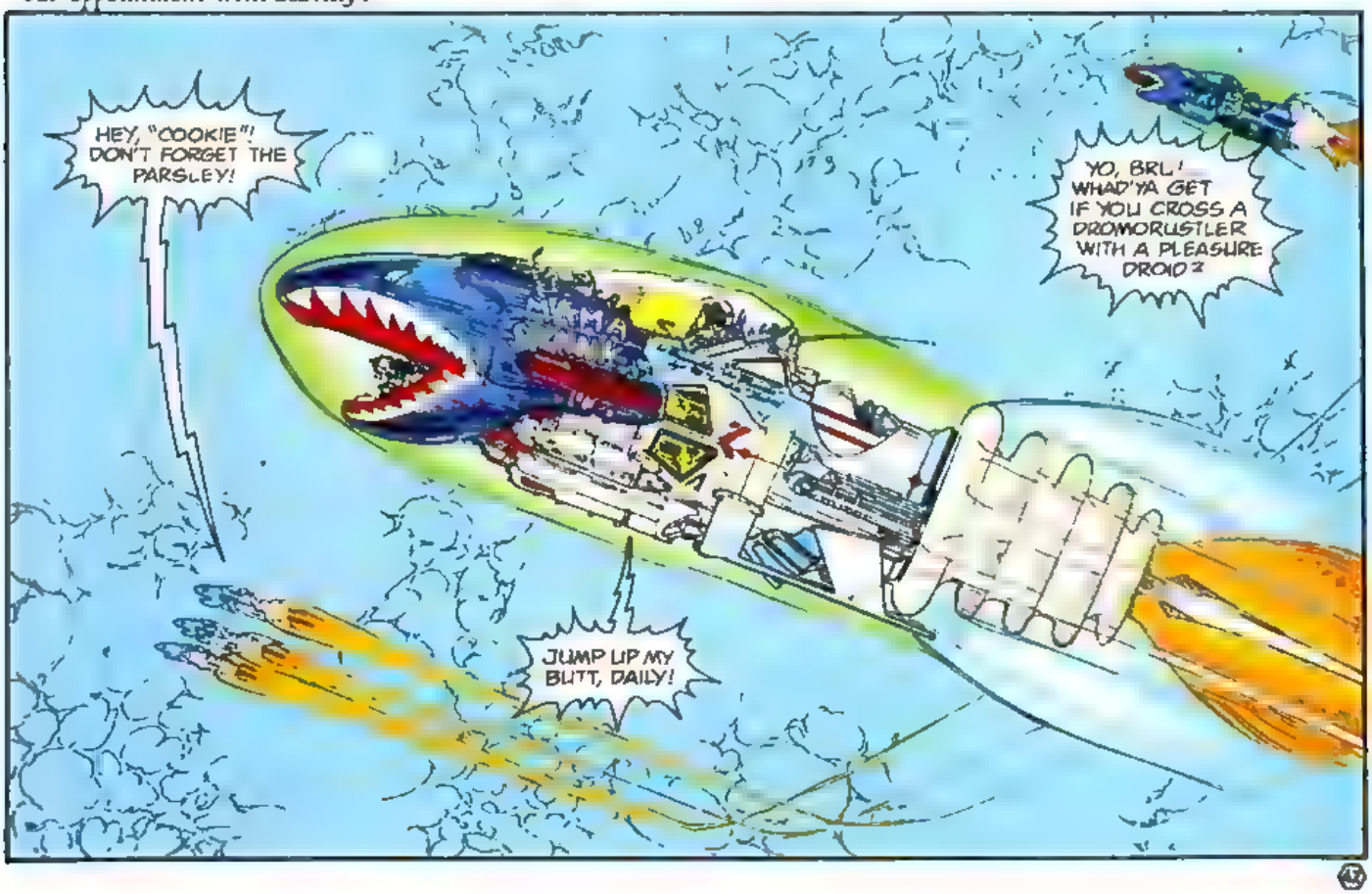
"... an order that would change the course of my life ... an order on which would turn (indirectly) the fate of the free universe ... an order I was told would be a piece of cake

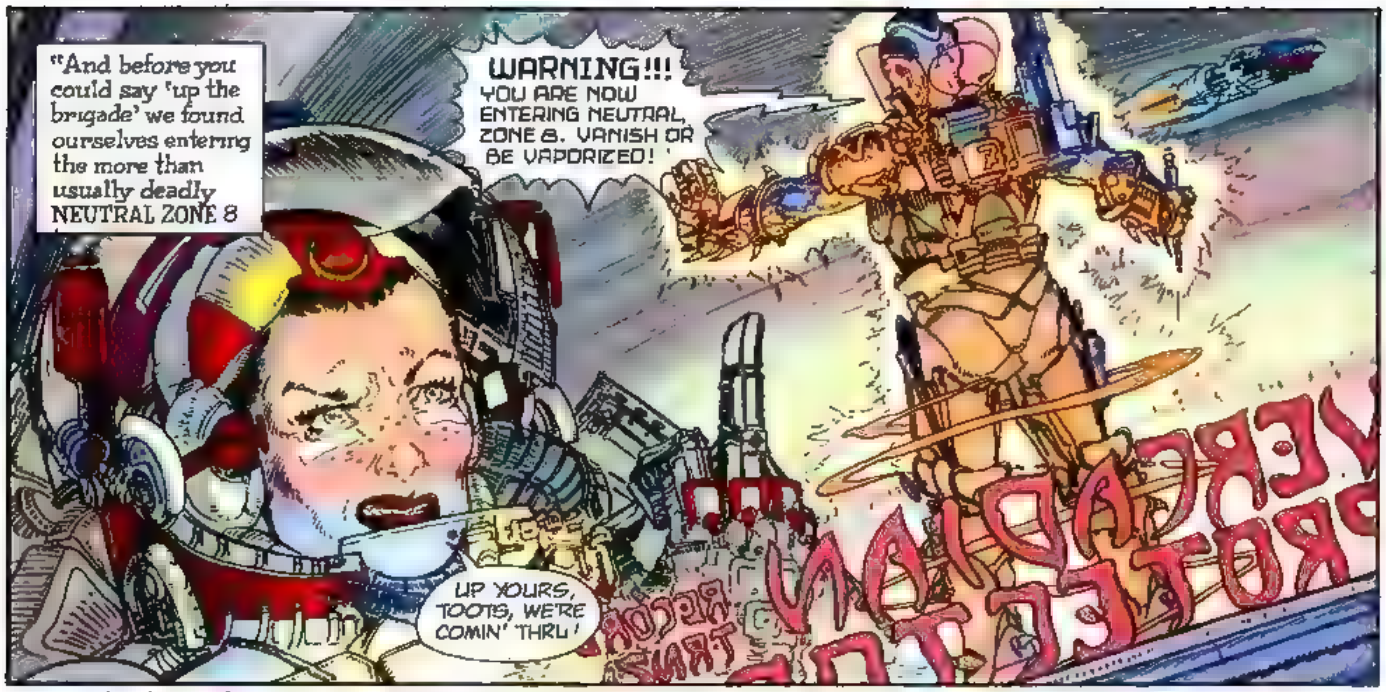


"We were ordered to make a run thru the off-limits NEUTRAL ZONE 8 (my bones turned to mega jelly).. to elude the vitrolic VERCADIAN PROTECTOR ANDROIDS (my blood turned to H_2O).. and to EGG SAINT ARNOLD ZAPOROFFSKY'S MILITARY PEP BAND as they played on PORT-O-BOY GAZEBO 16."

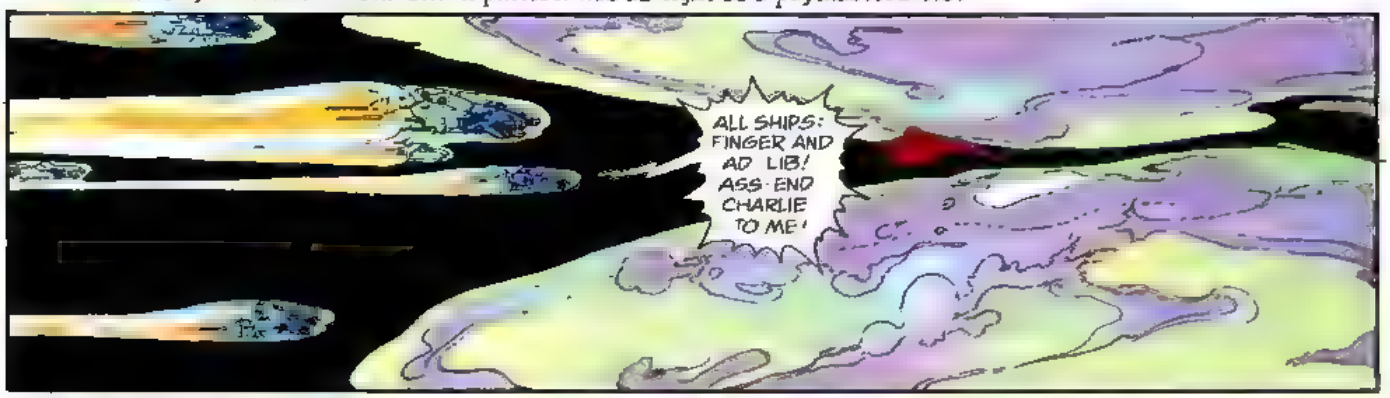

"My heart leaped into my gullet as I turned to 'Cookie' and said for perhaps the thousandth time without an answering laugh...
LET'S MAKE LIKE A KRYSTAL AND BLOW!
Brll

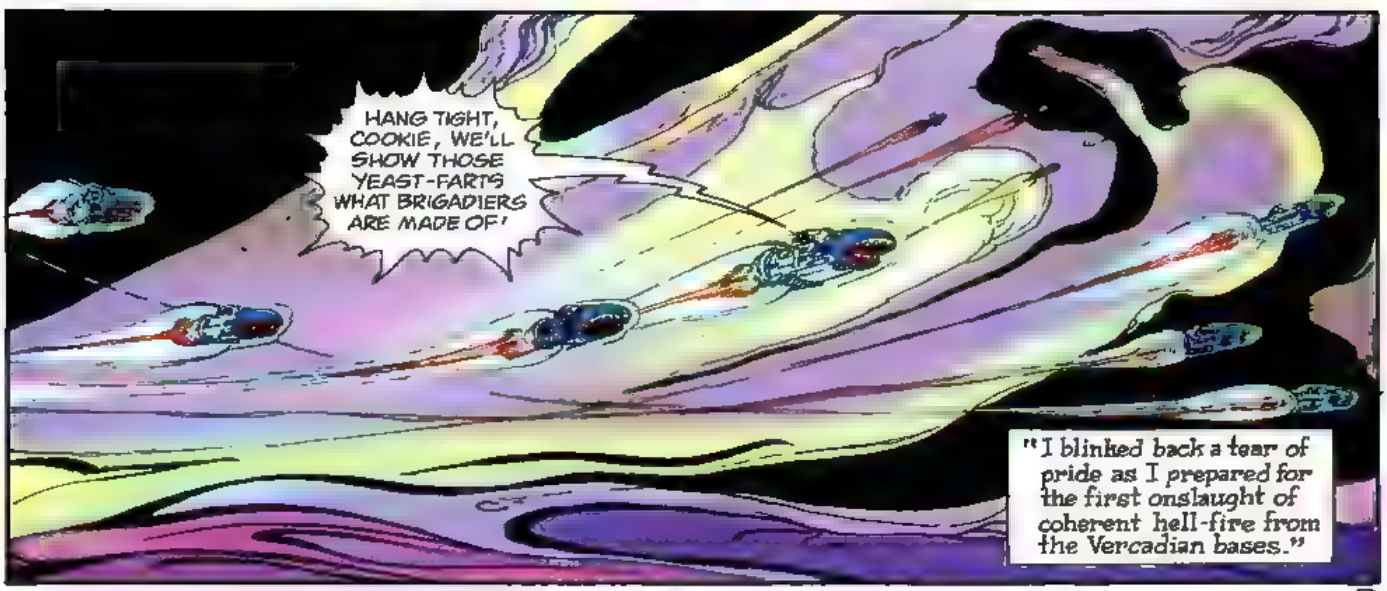
"As 'Cookie' whipped a 200-vilo batch of imitation powdered egg substitute into the ship's evacuation hopper (with which to soufflé said pep band), I fielded the ribald chatter from my brave squadron-mates as we hurtled toward our appointment with destiny!


HEY, "COOKIE"! DON'T FORGET THE PARSLEY!
YO, BRL! WHAD'YA GET IF YOU CROSS A DROMORUSTLER WITH A PLEASURE DROID?
JUMP UP MY BUTT, DAILY!


"And before you could say 'up the brigade' we found ourselves entering the more than usually deadly NEUTRAL ZONE 8
WARNING!!! YOU ARE NOW ENTERING NEUTRAL ZONE 8. VANISH OR BE VAPORIZED!
UP YOURS, TOOTS, WE'RE COMIN' THRU!

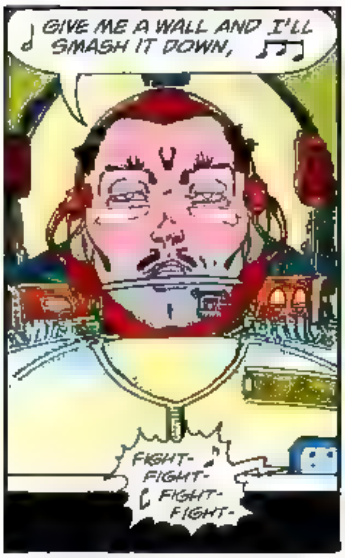
" I had the best of gunnery sergeants, my squadron was 'A' number one and my hardware was state o' the art We're talkin' DEVASTATION! I ran my eyes across the tactical screens· there were no wallflowers in my bunch ... no one haulin' any dead wood our attack pattern was as tight as a paymaster's fist

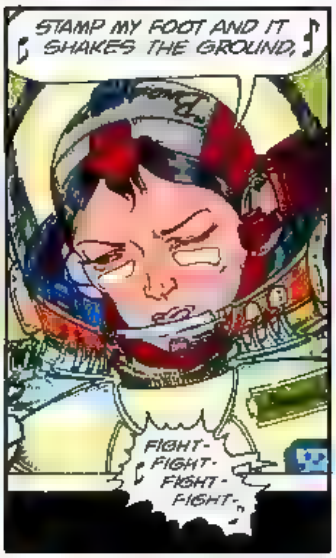


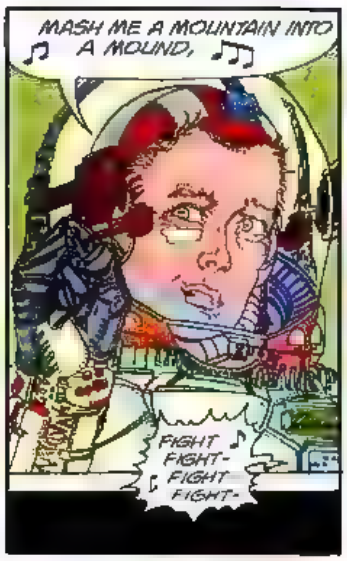

HANG TIGHT, COOKIE, WE'LL SHOW THOSE YEAST-FARTS WHAT BRIGADIERS ARE MADE OF!
"I blinked back a tear of pride as I prepared for the first onslaught of coherent hell-fire from the Vercadian bases."

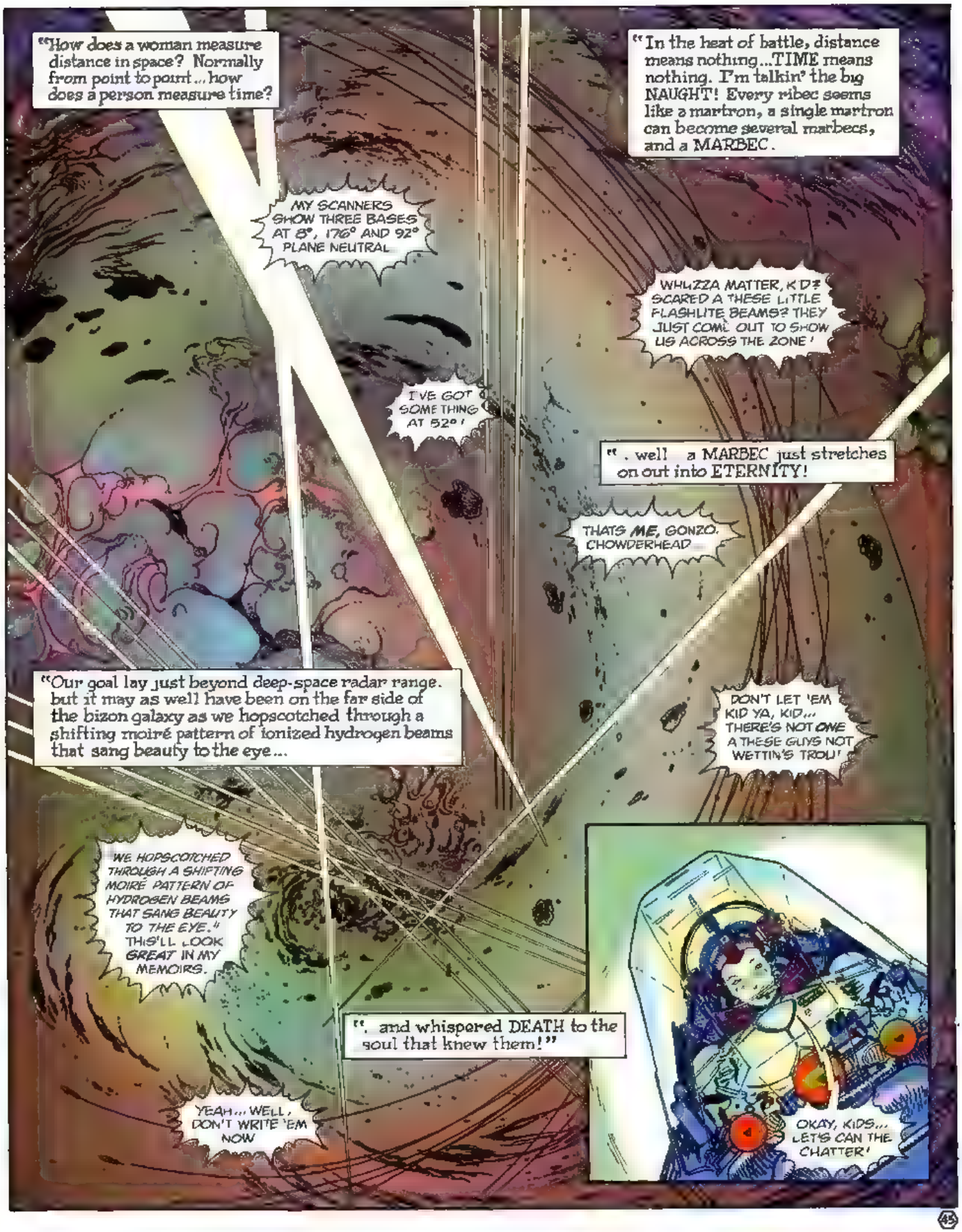
"The voices of the brave lads and lasses of Squadron 4, 21st Tactical Assault Group drifted into and were lost in the dark embrace of Mother Void as their ships shrieked into the black bowels of the Neutral Zone"

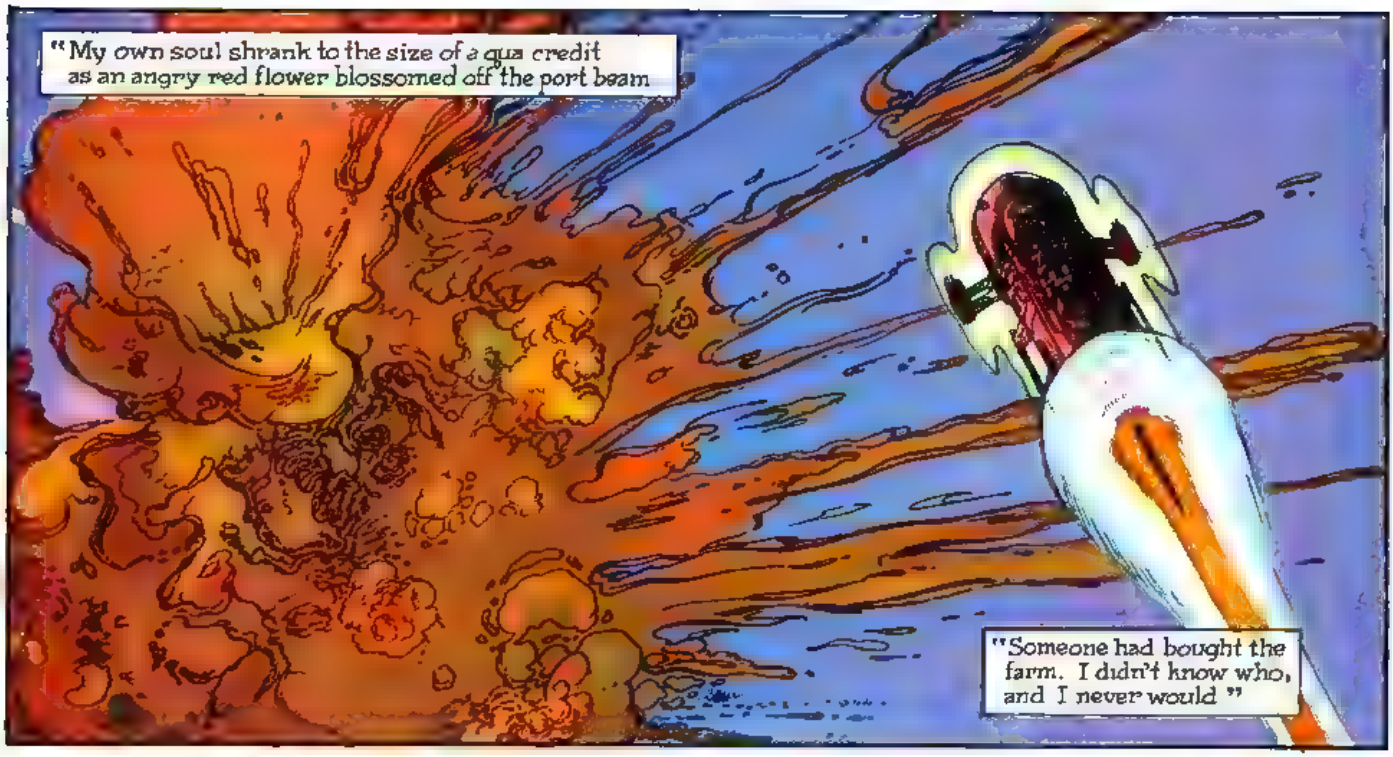
FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! TURN THE DARKNESS INTO LIGHT! SMASH THE NIGHT WITH OUR TERRIBLE MIGHT-- OH WHATTA, OH WHATTA, OH WHATTA SIGHT!
FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!
FIGHT FIGHT FIGHT- FIGHT-
FIGHT FIGHT- FIGHT FIGHT-

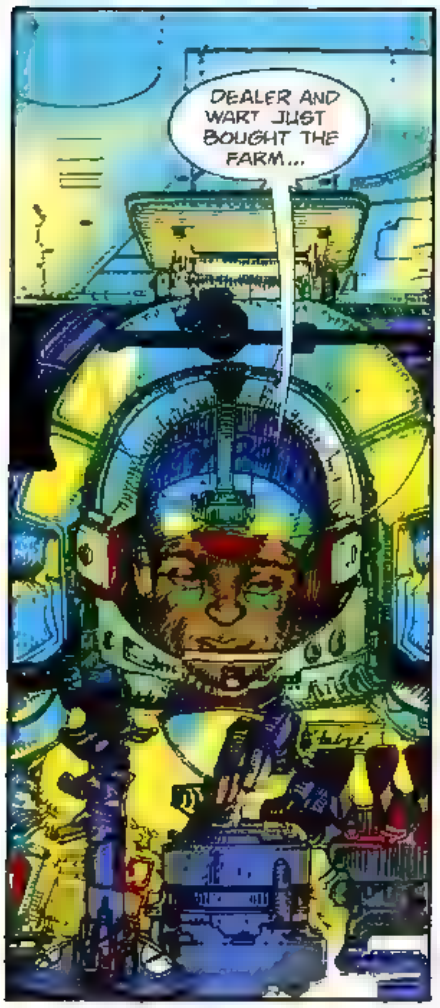


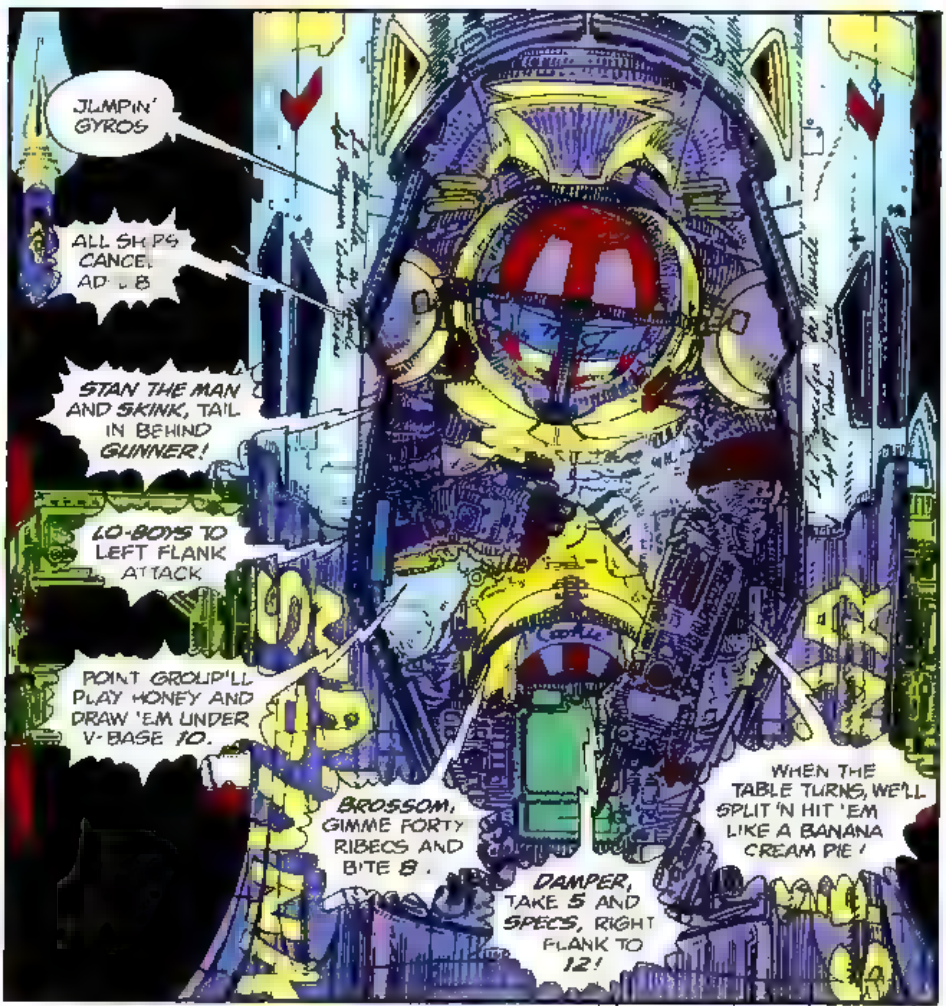




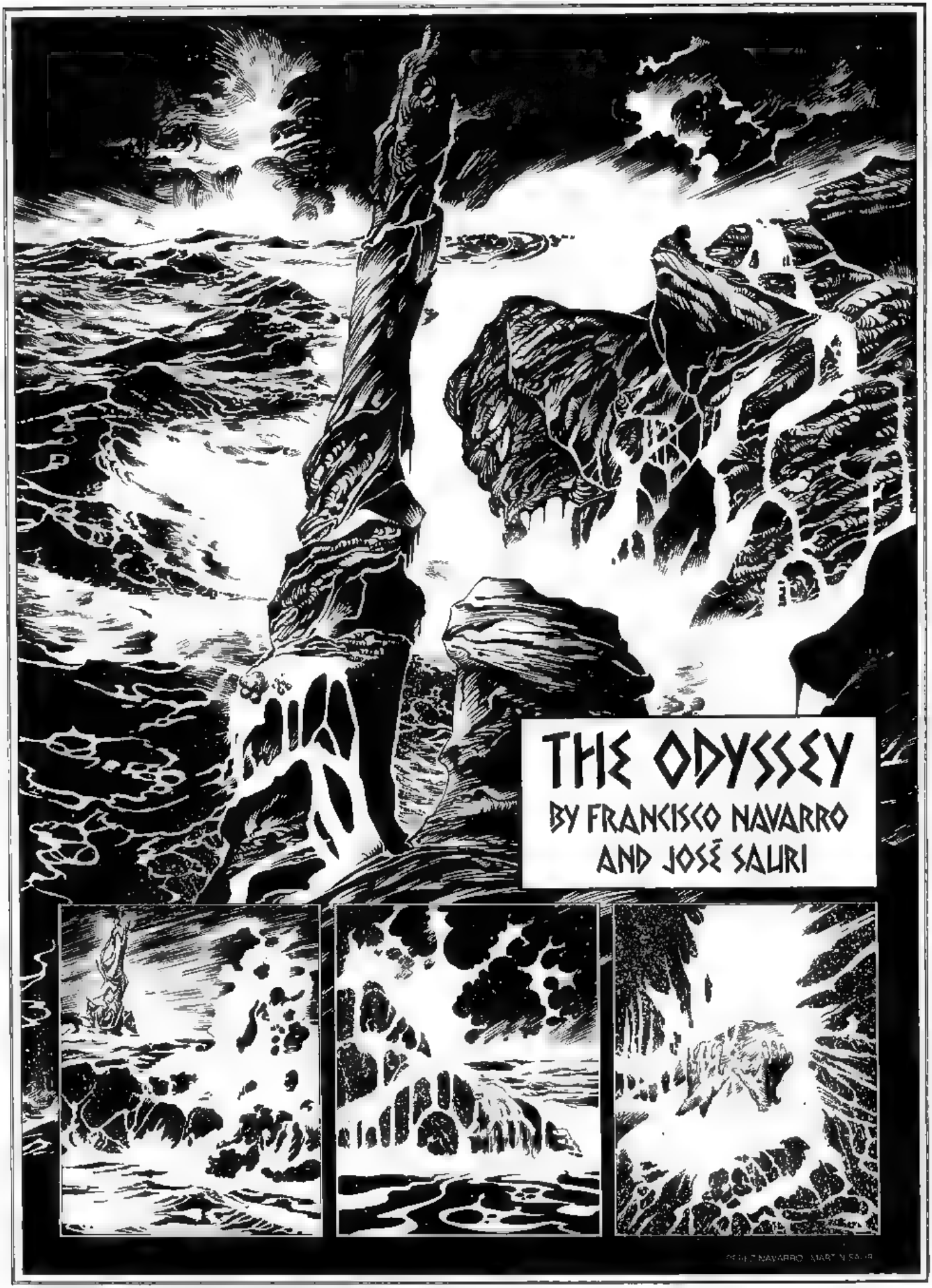

"How does a woman measure distance in space? Normally from point to point... how does a person measure time?
"In the heat of battle, distance means nothing...TIME means nothing. I'm talkin' the big NAUGHT! Every ribec seems like a martron, a single martron can become several marbecs, and a MARBEC.
MY SCANNERS SHOW THREE BASES AT 8°, 176° AND 92° PLANE NEUTRAL
WHUZZA MATTER, KID? SCARED A THESE LITTLE FLASHLITE BEAMS? THEY JUST COME OUT TO SHOW US ACROSS THE ZONE!
I'VE GOT SOMETHING AT 52°!
". . well a MARBEC just stretches on out into ETERNITY!
THATS ME, GONZO. CHOWDERHEAD
"Our goal lay just beyond deep-space radar range. but it may as well have been on the far side of the bizon galaxy as we hopscotched through a shifting moiré pattern of ionized hydrogen beams that sang beauty to the eye...
DON'T LET 'EM KID YA, KID... THERE'S NOT ONE A THESE GUYS NOT WETTIN'S TROU!
WE HOPSCOTCHED THROUGH A SHIFTING MOIRÉ PATTERN OF HYDROGEN BEAMS THAT SANG BEAUTY TO THE EYE." THIS'LL LOOK GREAT IN MY MEMOIRS.
". and whispered DEATH to the soul that knew them!"
YEAH... WELL, DON'T WRITE 'EM NOW
OKAY, KIDS... LET'S CAN THE CHATTER!


"My own soul shrank to the size of a qua credit as an angry red flower blossomed off the port beam
"Someone had bought the farm. I didn't know who, and I never would"




JUMPIN' GYROS
ALL SHIPS CANCEL AD ∴B
STAN THE MAN AND SKINK, TAIL IN BEHIND GUNNER!
LO-BOYS TO LEFT FLANK ATTACK
POINT GROUP'LL PLAY HONEY AND DRAW 'EM UNDER V-BASE 10.
BROSSOM, GIMME FORTY RIBECS AND BITE 8.
DAMPER, TAKE 5 AND SPECS, RIGHT FLANK TO 12!
WHEN THE TABLE TURNS, WE'LL SPLIT 'N HIT 'EM LIKE A BANANA CREAM PIE!

TO BE CONTINUED.


THE ODYSSEY
BY FRANCISCO NAVARRO
AND JOSÉ SAURI

CAREFUL! CATCH IT! CATCH IT!
I THINK IT'S OVER HERE!
OH!

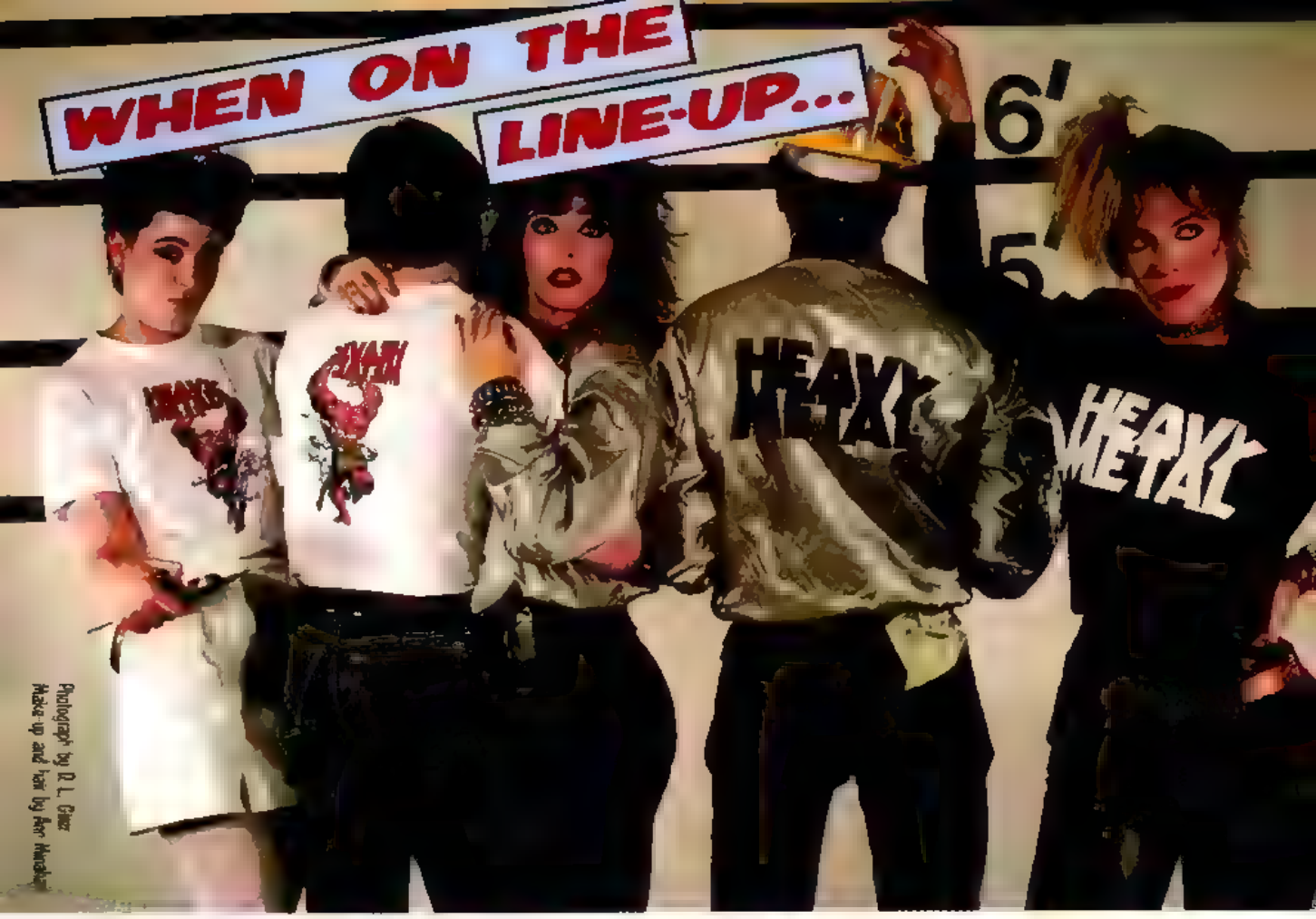
WHAT HAPPENED?
RUN, PRINCESS! I SAW A...
DON'T GO! PLEASE HAVE PITY ON ME! I HAVE BEEN AT THE MERCY OF THE WAVES FOR THE PAST TWENTY DAYS. AT LEAST GIVE ME SOMETHING TO COVER MYSELF. THE SEA HAS SNATCHED AWAY EVERY LAST BIT OF MY CLOTHING
COME WITH US, PRINCESS!
SLAVES, GIVE A CLOAK TO THIS UNHAPPY MAN. HE HAS ALREADY HAD MUCH MISFORTUNE ON OUR SOIL. I, NAUSICA, ORDER YOU TO DO THIS.
HERE, TAKE THIS!
THANK YOU! NOW IF YOU WOULD MOVE AWAY FOR A MOMENT SO I COULD WIPE OFF THE SALT FROM THE SEA AND THE MUD FROM THE EARTH, I WILL BE ETERNALLY GRATEFUL TO YOU!

I DO BELIEVE WE WERE WRONG. HE SEEMS TO BE MORE OF A GOD THAN A BEGGAR
GIVE THIS STRANGER SOMETHING TO EAT AND DRINK.
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU.
NO NEED GIVE ME YOUR ATTENTION INSTEAD
I'M LISTENING.
SINCE IT WOULDN'T BE RIGHT IF WE WERE SEEN TOGETHER, GIVE ME SOME TIME TO GET BACK INTO THE CITY. YOU MAY FOLLOW SOON AFTER. ASK FOR MY FATHER, ALCINOUS, WHO IS KING OF THE PHAECIANS. IF YOU HOLD OUT YOUR ARMS TO MY MOTHER, SHE WILL BE GOOD TO YOU. ONE OF THE SLAVES WILL HELP YOU TO RETURN TO YOUR HOUSE
ATHENA GRANT ME THE FRIENDSHIP AND THE PITY OF THE PHAEACIAN PEOPLE

IS THAT ALCINOUS'S PALACE? I AM A STRANGER IN THESE PARTS AND DO NOT KNOW MY WAY
IT IS, BUT BE VERY CAREFUL THE PHAEACIANS AREN'T IN THE HABIT OF WELCOMING STRANGERS IN A FRIENDLY MANNER
MY DEAR, I BEG OF YOU, YOUR HUSBAND, AND THESE GUESTS ON WHOM THE GODS SMILE PLEASE HELP ME RETURN TO MY COUNTRY
HOW DARE YOU, STRANGER?
I HAVE BEEN WANDERING FOR SUCH A LONG TIME NOW, FAR AWAY FROM MY FAMILY AND FRIENDS

TRY TO CONTAIN YOUR ANGER ALCINOUS, FEEL SORRY FOR YOUR GUEST GIVE HIM SOMETHING TO DRINK AND OFFER HIM SOME FOOD
ALWAYS, DO WHAT EQUENEUS HAS SUGGESTED SO HE APPEARS TO BE MORE GOD THAN MAN IMMORTALS ARE GENERALLY CONCEALED FROM OUR EYES
WE ARE AS CLOSE TO HIS RACE AS THE CYCLOPS ARE TO THE GIANTS
I WANT TO QUESTION YOU MY SELF. WHO ARE YOU AND FROM WHAT COUNTRY DO YOU HAIL?
IT IS DIFFICULT TO RECOUNT MY MISFORTUNES, YOUR MAJESTIES. MY COMRADES AND I FOR YEARS, DIED WHEN ULIS DIRECTED HIS THUNDERBOLT AT OUR VESSEL. SOMEHOW I WAS ABLE TO REACH THIS ISLAND OF OGYGIA WHERE THE NYMPH CALYPSO DIED
SEVEN YEARS PASSED WHILE I WAS THERE DESPITE MY TEARS. WHEN I LEFT, MY BATTERED RAFT WAS DESTROYED BY A STORM THAT POSEIDON STIRRED UP. I SWAM UNTIL THE WAVES BROUGHT ME TO YOUR COUNTRY
YOU MUST SLEEP NOW YOUR EXHAUSTION MUST BE COMPLETE I WILL TELL YOU ON YOUR WAY TO-MORROW
WHAT DID YOU THINK?
I RESERVE MY THOUGHTS FOR THE TIME BEING
HOW EXCELLENT YOUR DANCERS ARE I WOULD LIKE TO STAY AND WATCH THEM!
I WAS CALLED FOR (PARADOXICAL TO KNOW), THE IMMORTALS GRANT MASTERY IN SONG AH, HERE HE IS!
GENTLEMEN, I WOULD LIKE TO CELEBRATE THE GLORY OF THE WARRIORS WITH A SONG WHOSE NAME REVERES TO HE HE NAENS. IT IS ABOUT THE FIGHT BETWEEN ODYSSEUS AND ACHILLES THE BEST AMONG THE ACHAEANS DURING THE SIEGE OF TROY

DEMODOCUS, SING OF HOW ODYSSEUS DARRIED THE WOODEN HORSE FULL OF WARRIORS
STOP PLAYING! OUR GUEST SEEMS VERY UPSET BY YOUR BALLADS. MAYBE HE HAD CLOSE RELATIVES IN TROY? OR POSSIBLY A COMPANION? TELL ME YOUR NAME AND YOUR COUNTRY! SPEAK!
SINCE YOU OBVIOUSLY WON'T REST UNTIL YOU HEAR ALL OF MY MISFORTUNES, I WILL OBLIGE YOU. I AM ODYSSEUS AND I LIVE IN ITHICA. LISTEN AND I WILL TELL YOU OF WHEN I LEFT TROY



...Don't Get Caught Without Your HEAVY METAL!

Berni Wrightson's Hanover Fiste and his ne'er-do-well accomplice Captain Sternn. You've seen them in the magazine, you've seen them on the golden screen, now see them coming and going. This durable, four-color cotton T-shirt is a must for the spring season

The newest edition of HM fantasy wear—our silver, satin-like jacket, equipped with a cotton lining, and front pockets, too

The original HM T-shirt comes in red and black and is made of cotton-blend. (Get more for your money that way!)

It's all in the name! Each weighty HM bronze belt buckle is 3¼" × 2" and will fit any standard belt. Ideal, when dressing for your first prison ball

Heavy Metal, Dept. 483
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022
Please send me the following items:

___ Captain Sternn T-shirts ___ small ___ medium ___ large at $7.50 each.
___ *Heavy Metal* T-shirts ___ small ___ medium ___ large, ___ red ___ black at $7.50 each.
___ *Heavy Metal* jackets ___ small ___ medium ___ large at $36.00 each.
___ *Heavy Metal* belt buckles at $10.95 each.

All prices above include postage and handling.

New York State residents please add applicable sales tax.
Total enclosed

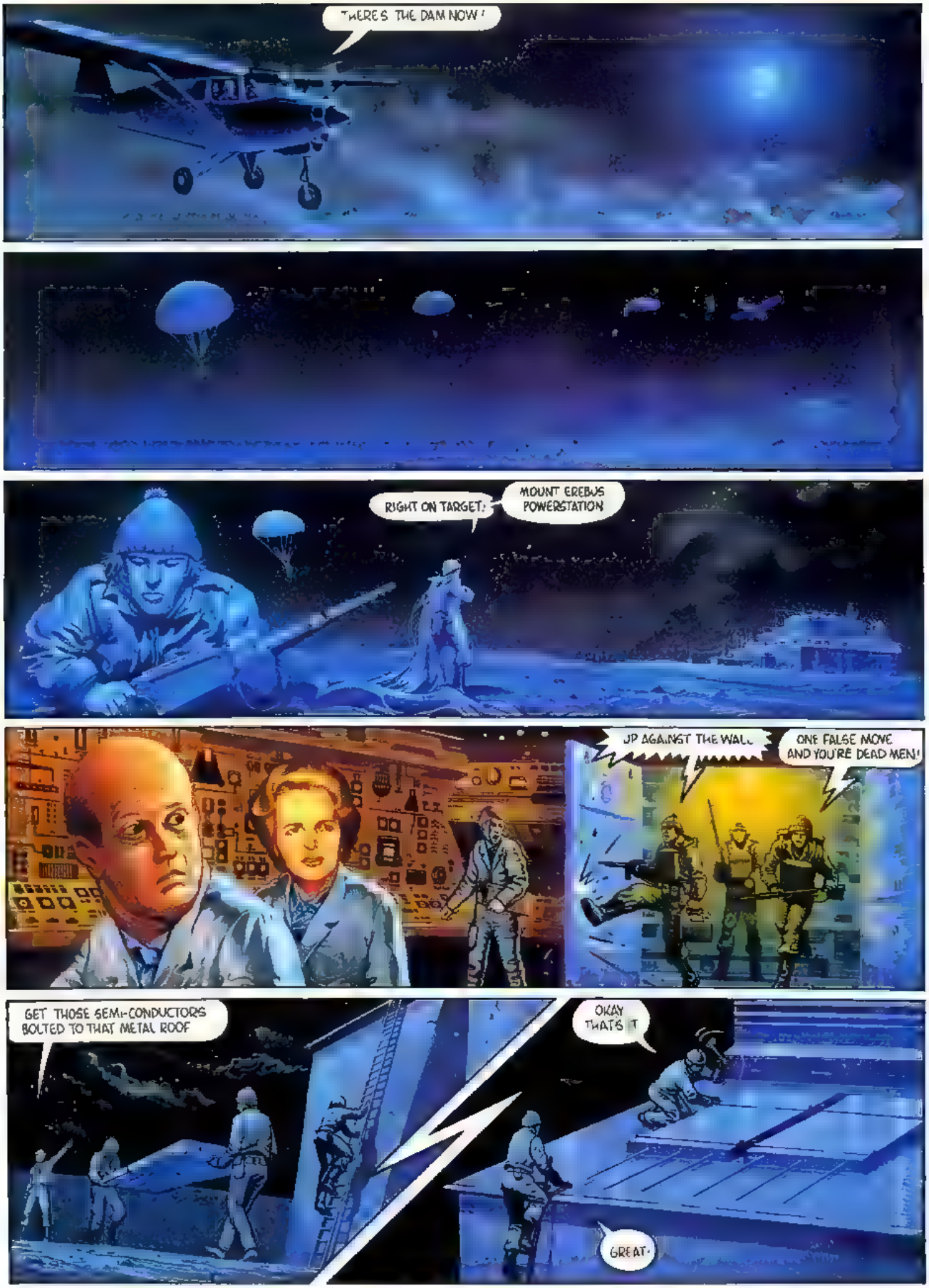
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

If you do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type all the necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.

POWER TO THE PEOPLE
THE TIME SOON
THE PLACE NOT FAR FROM HERE
A DEDICATED BAND OF RUGGED INDIVIDUALISTS ATTEMPT TO TINKER AND FIDDLE WITH THE DESTINY OF MILLIONS
EUREKA!
THE WORLDS LARGEST SILICON BIPOLAR TRANSISTOR! LA LUTTE CONTINUE!
FUCK'N RIGHT ON
TONIGHTS THE NIGHT


THERE'S THE DAM NOW!
RIGHT ON TARGET!
MOUNT EREBUS POWERSTATION
UP AGAINST THE WALL
ONE FALSE MOVE AND YOU'RE DEAD MEN!
GET THOSE SEMI-CONDUCTORS BOLTED TO THAT METAL ROOF
OKAY THAT'S IT
GREAT.

THE SEMI CONDUCTORS ARE IN POSITION.
OK WE CAN POWER THE FIVE HUNDRED K LOWATT PRE-AMP FROM THE TURBINES AND STILL HAVE PLENTY OF POWER FOR THE OUTPUT STAGE
TRANSFORMER AND OCILLOSCOPE CONNECTED'
ONE, TWO ONE, TWO
RED LEADER TO CHARLIE-TANGO DELTA COME IN'
SKKRRK' CHARLIE TANGO-DELTA STANDING BY HOW D IT GO?
WE MADE IT' GET THAT HARDWARE* OUTA HERE'
* STOLEN PROTOTYPE OF A JAPANESE VERT CAL FIELD EFFECT POWER TRANSISTORS
THAKA THAKA THAKA

GET THEM OVER BY THE DAM THEY MUST BE BOLTED TO IT TO DISS.PATE THE HEAT!
THE TRANSISTORS ARE IN THE BOATS.
OK. ALMOST FINISHED
RRRRR
ALL THE PIECES ARE FITTING TOGETHER RIGHT ON SCHEDULE.
GOOD ALL OTHER POWER STATIONS IN THE COUNTRY WILL LOCK IN WITH THIS ONE AT PEAK DEMAND, PRECISELY 7:30

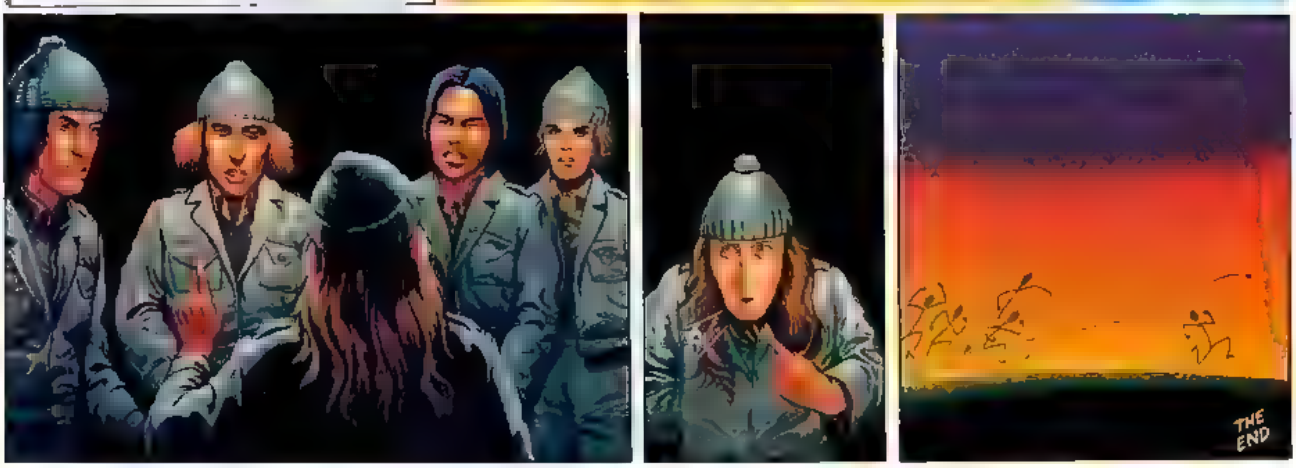
DAWN
IT'S READY! THE WORLDS FIRST 500 MEGAWATT AMPLIFIER WITH RUN-OFF TURBINES, FEEDING EVERY HOME AND FACTORY IN THE ENTIRE STATE.
AND AT 7:30 WE'LL BE SYNCHRONIZED WITH THE NATIONAL GRID, FEEDING EVERYTHING IN THE WHOLE COUNTRY!
CONFUSED? LET ME EXPLAIN
THE PLAN
MAKE IT SNAPPY! WE'RE NOT HERE FOR ANYONE'S AMUSEMENT
MAINS ELECTRICITY IS SENT OUT AT A FIXED 60 CYCLES PER SECOND. AS YOU WILL HAVE NOTICED, THIS ALTERNATING CURRENT GENERATES A LOW AUDIBLE HUM. HEE HEE THERE IN LIES THE SECRET
BY DRIVING THE POWER LINES WITH THESE NEW VERTICAL, METAL OXIDE, SILICON POWER TRANSISTORS VMOS FOR SHORT WE CAN BOOST THIS BASE FREQUENCY
...TO AROUND 150 HERTZ, DISTORT THE WAVESHAPE AND PRODUCE MULTIPLE OVERTONES AND HARMONICS. EH?! WHAT? STILL CONFUSED?! MMMM.
WHAT WE NEED HERE IS A CONCISE ANALOGY
IMAGINE THIS MAINS HUM TO BE THE CONSTANT FREQUENCY GENERATED BY YOUR OWN VOCAL CHORD ON THE OSCILLOSCOPE. THIS WOULD PROVIDE US WITH A CONSTANT WAVEFORM LIKE SO.
USING OUR VMOS DEVICES WE CAN DISTORT THIS WAVEFORM BY ALTERING ITS FREQUENCY LIKE SO.
AND THIS IS PRECISELY WHAT YOU DO TO YOUR OWN VOCAL FREQUENCY WITH YOUR MOUTH AND TONGUE
RESULT
SPEECH!!!...
SEVEN-THIRTY PRECISELY! THROW THE SWITCH
CLACK!

GREETINGS, FELLOW INHABITANTS OF THIS ISLAND EARTH!..
EVERY MAINS ELECTRICAL DEVICE IS NOW AN AMPLIFIER FOR THE VOICE OF THE REVOLUTION
RISE UP!
WHY HAVEN'T YOU GOT YOUR HAND RAISED COMRADE?
LOOK I'M HERE AREN'T I? I'M NO GOOD AT ALL THAT I'M AN ANARCHIST
♫ AND THE PEOPLE WILL RISE UP WITH THE SLEEP STILL IN THE R EYES ♫
RISE UP! THE NEWS IS OUT THE NEWS IS ABOUT WHAT THEY WANT IT TO BE ABOUT
RIGHT ON, BOB!
RISE UP! WHERE ARE YOU GOING? YOU'RE ON A ONE WAY TRIP TO NOWHERE!
RISE UP! WOMAN IS THE NIGGER OF THE WORLD YOU'VE SPENT ALL DAY CLEANING YOUR WINDOWS AND YOU STILL CAN'T SEE THROUGH THEM!
RISE UP! WHAT ARE YOU? MEN OR MACHINES?

AND NOW I WANT TO REMIND YOU OF WHAT OTHERS HAVE SAID WHY IS IT THAT OUR SENSE OF POWER IS MORE VIVID WHEN WE BREAK A MAN'S SPIRIT THAN WHEN WE WIN HIS HEART? POWER TAKES AS INGRATITUDE THE WRITHING OF ITS VICTIMS
THE CLUMSINESS OF POWER SPOILS THE KEY AND USES THE PICKAXE POWER SAID TO THE WORLD "YOU ARE MINE," THE WORLD KEPT IT PRISONER ON HER THRONE LOVE SAID TO THE WORLD "I AM THINE" THE WORLD GAVE IT THE FREEDOM OF HER HOUSE
HE WHO BINDS TO HIMSELF A JOY, DOES THE WINGED LIFE DESTROY. HE WHO KISSES THE JOY AS IT FLIES, LIVES IN ETERNITY'S SUNRISE NO ONE WORTH POSSESSING CAN EVER BE POSSESSED. A MAN MUST NOT CONFUSE WHAT HE IS WITH WHAT HE POSSESSES
GREAT RICHES HAVE SOLD MORE MEN THAN THEY HAVE BOUGHT PRODUCTION ONLY FILLS A VOID THAT IT ITSELF HAS CREATED THE RICH MAN MAY NEVER GET INTO HEAVEN BUT THE PAUPER IS ALREADY SERVING HIS TERM IN HELL
HANG ON I DONT THINK ANYONE OUT THERE IS LISTENING!
LOOK AT THE DIALS
SHEEE!!T! LOOKS LIKE LIKE EVERYONE N THE WHOLE FUCKING COUNTRY HAS STOPPED USING ELECTRICITY!
HEY! LISTEN! ON THE RADIO
. BECAUSE, OF COURSE, TODAY IS THE GREAT DAY THAT THE NATION USHERS N A NEW AGE
FOR THE FIRST TIME ELECTRICITY GENERATED FROM SOLAR ENERGY IS BEING FED INTO THE NATIONAL GRID THE SOLAR PANEL FIELDS UP AT MOUNT EREBUS WERE BROUGHT INTO OPERATION THIS MORNING AT EXACTLY SEVEN THIRTY ONE, THUS MAKING THE HYDROELECTRICITY PRODUCED THERE OBSOLETE

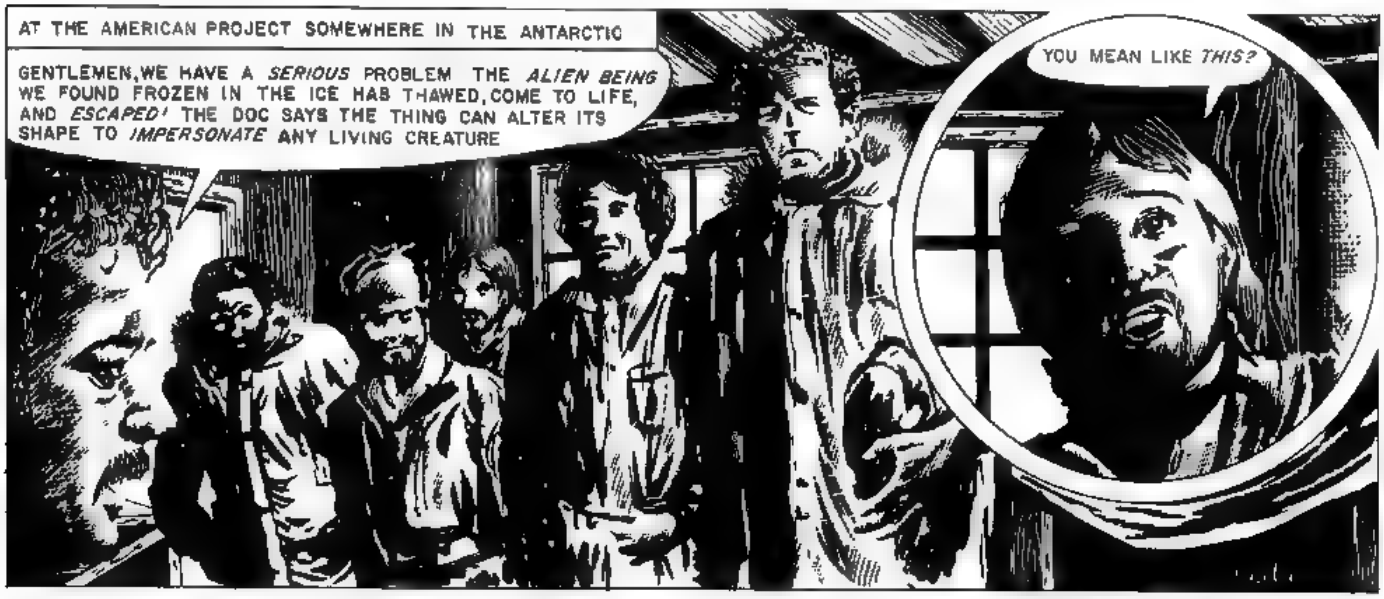
FUCK IT
YOU YOU DUMB BASTARD!
MEEE! YOU HELPED PLAN THIS TOO
I'M GOING BACK TO BED!

WAIT I'VE GOT ANOTHER GREAT IDEA!
WE MAKE A 600 KILOMETER POLY-THENE BALLOON, FILL IT WITH NEMATIC GAS* AND COAT THE SURFACE WITH TRANSPARENT TIN OXIDE SO THAT BY APPLYING 10,000 VOLTS TO THE BALLOON, WE CAN MODULATE OR IMPOSE OUR MESSAGE ONTO THE LIGHT REACHING THE SOLAR FIELD SUPPLY.
0.000 V
BALLOON CARRYING US EHT GENERATOR AND AMPLIFIERS
* GAS WITH THE SAME PROPERTIES AS LIQUID CRYSTALS IN DIGITAL WATCH DISPLAYS, IE BECOMES OPAQUE WHEN A VOLTAGE IS APPLIED ACROSS IT


THE END

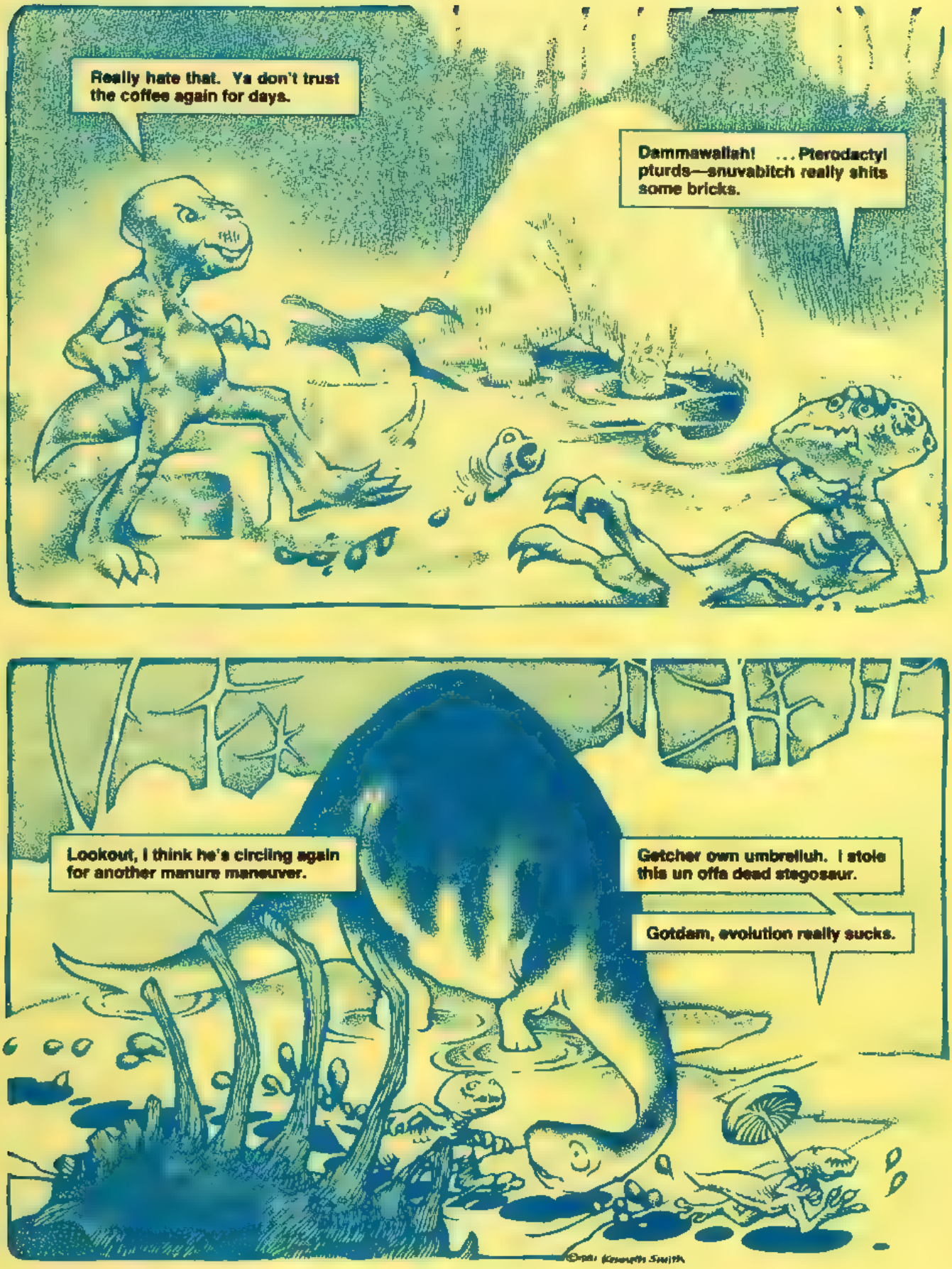
THE IT, or Who Glows There?

BY NICOLA CUTI


AT THE AMERICAN PROJECT SOMEWHERE IN THE ANTARCTIC
GENTLEMEN, WE HAVE A *SERIOUS* PROBLEM THE *ALIEN BEING* WE FOUND FROZEN IN THE ICE HAS THAWED, COME TO LIFE, AND *ESCAPED!* THE DOC SAYS THE THING CAN ALTER ITS SHAPE TO *IMPERSONATE* ANY LIVING CREATURE
YOU MEAN LIKE *THIS?*

IS THAT WHAT YOU MEAN?
MCREADY, QUIT *CLOWNING!* SAID THIS WAS *SERIOUS!*
SAY "IMPERSONATE" AND MAC GOES INTO HIS *ACT*
GET HIM TO DO *HAIG* WITH CONSTIPATION

THE STRUGGLE FOR OVER THE WORLD
©1981 Kenneth Smith
Got damm! Lookout!
Whu—
Fuggn birds! Divebombn the whole gotdam world like it wuz their personal toilet!
WAKK!


Really hate that. Ya don't trust the coffee again for days.
Dammawallah! ... Pterodactyl pturds—snuvabitch really shits some bricks.
Lookout, I think he's circling again for another manure maneuver.
Getcher own umbrelluh. I stole this un offa dead stegosaur.
Gotdam, evolution really sucks.

IF YOU INTEND TO DIE, YOU CAN DO ANYTHING.

FRANK MILLER'S RONIN

COMING IN APRIL FROM THE NEW DC

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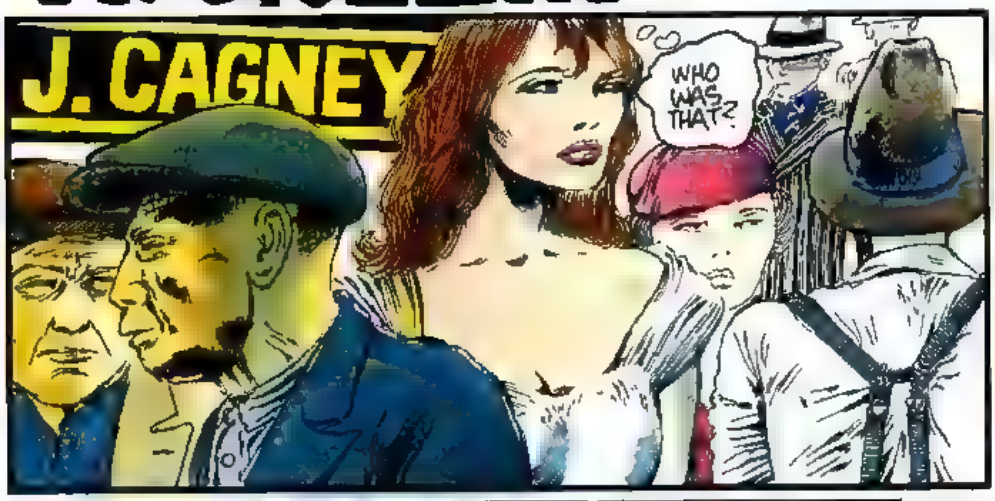
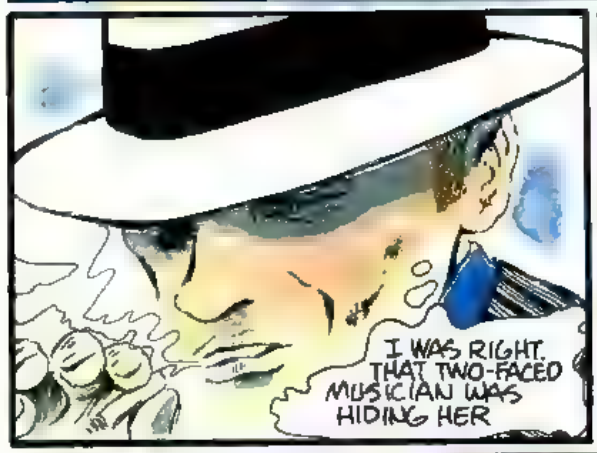
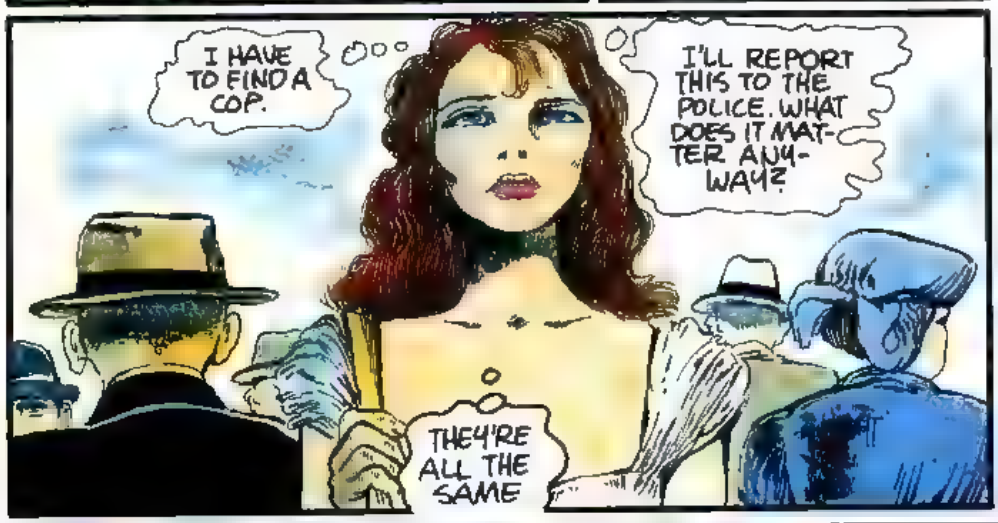
THE MAN FROM HARLEM

LAST TIME LITTLE TOLD POLLY TO GO TO THE POLICE FOR HER OWN PROTECTION AT LINCOLN'S OR S SUGGESTION. POLLY LEFT AND ON HER WAY TO THE POLICE WAS FOLLOWED BY A GANGSTER



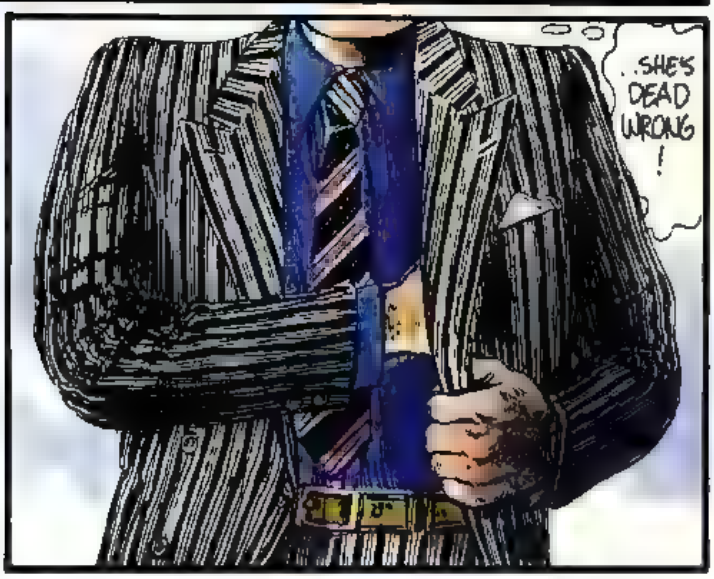




EXCUSE ME. BUT, COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE THE NEAREST POLICE STATION IS?
RIGHT AT THE CORNER OF 115TH STREET, MISS.
SHE DOESN'T WASTE ANY TIME!
THANKS!
HEY! CAN I HELP YOU OUT?

IF THAT DAME THINKS SHE'S GOING TO THE COPS...

KLACTOVEEDSEDSTENE

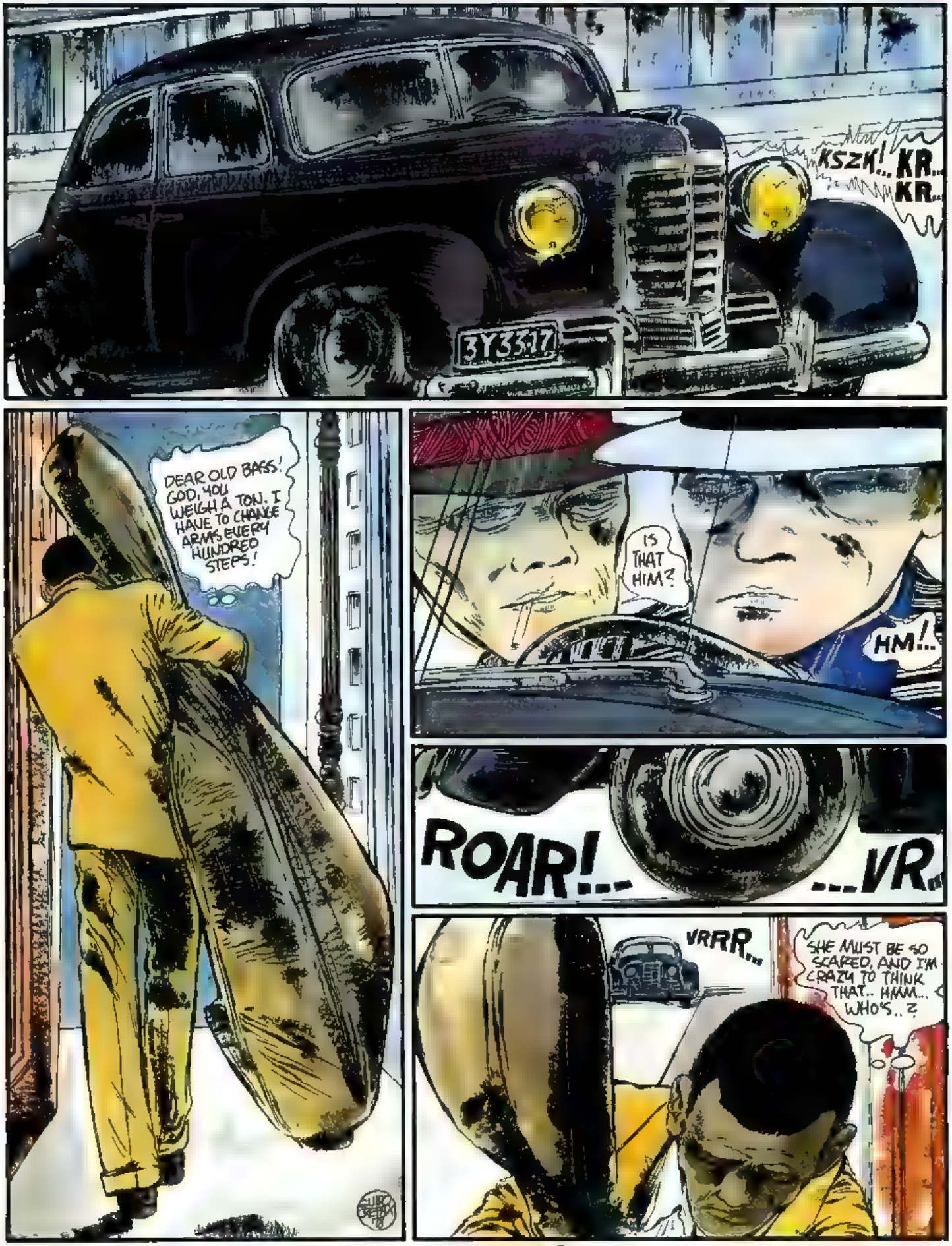

..SHE'S DEAD WRONG!

UN POCO LOCO

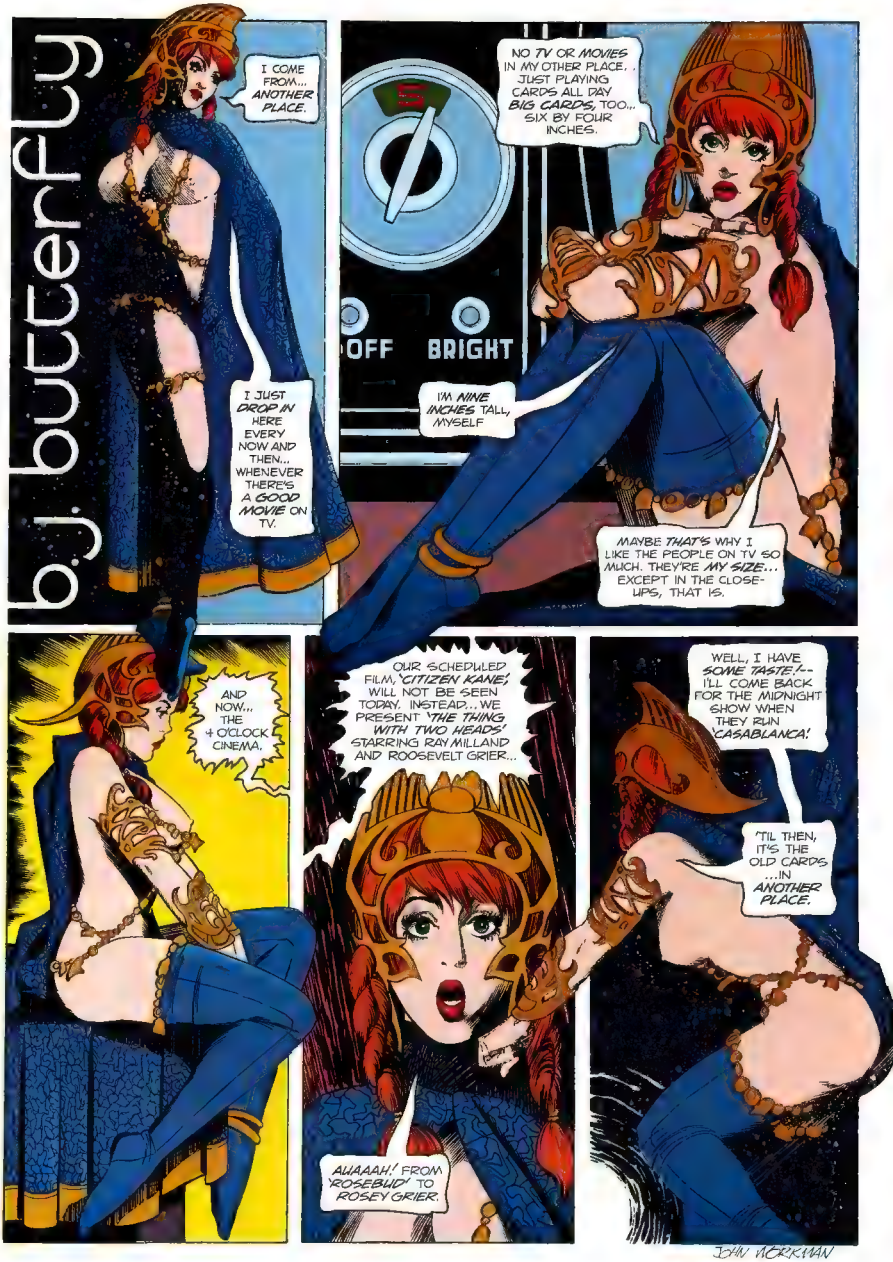
IF ONLY JACKIE KNEW!
THERE SHE IS.
HERE...115TH STREET AND...

NOO!
BANG!
BANG!
WHAT?
STOP HIM!... HE JUST SHOT THIS WOMAN!
OH, MY GOD!
TRRRRR...
UN POCO LOCO
PANG!
POOR GIRL!
POLICE!

IT'S A DISASTER, LITTLE. THEY'VE DESTROYED EVERY-THING!
SHIT, MAN! THE TENOR, THE SOPRANO, WHERE'S THE CONTRALTO?
THIS IS ONE OF DANNY O'HARA'S HITS! HE AND HIS GANG HAVE A VERY OBVIOUS TOUCH!
YOU'RE LUCKY, LITTLE! YOUR BASS IS STILL PRETTY MUCH IN-TACT!
YOU BETTER BRING IT HOME FOR THE TIME BEING!
THERE ARE ONLY A COUPLE OF SCRATCHES ON IT!
IT'S THE SAME OLD STORY! ACCORDING TO THEM, WE WEREN'T PLAYING ALONG WITH THEIR RULES I'LL HAVE TO CLOSE DOWN FOR AT LEAST A WEEK
FILTHY PIGS! JEEZ, I HOPE POLLY IS OKAY! I WONDER WHAT SHE DECIDED TO DO. MAYBE I SHOULD NEVER HAVE GOTTEN INVOLVED
WEAVING
DONE WHILE YOU WAIT


KSZK!.. KR.. KR..
3Y3317
DEAR OLD BASS! GOD, YOU WEIGH A TON. I HAVE TO CHANGE ARMS EVERY HUNDRED STEPS!
IS THAT HIM?
HM!..
ROAR!...
...VR..
VRRR..
SHE MUST BE SO SCARED, AND I'M CRAZY TO THINK THAT.. HMM.. WHO'S.. ?

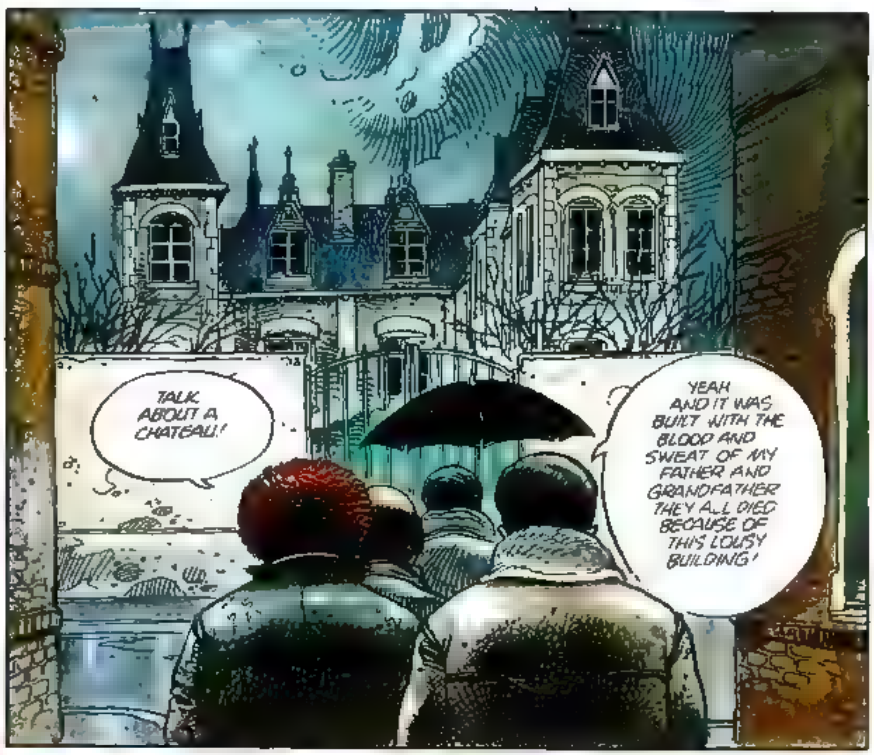
TO BE CONTINUED..


b.j. butterfly
I COME FROM... ANOTHER PLACE.
I JUST DROP IN HERE EVERY NOW AND THEN... WHENEVER THERE'S A GOOD MOVIE ON TV.
NO TV OR MOVIES IN MY OTHER PLACE. JUST PLAYING CARDS ALL DAY BIG CARDS, TOO... SIX BY FOUR INCHES.
OFF
BRIGHT
I'M NINE INCHES TALL, MYSELF
MAYBE THAT'S WHY I LIKE THE PEOPLE ON TV SO MUCH. THEY'RE MY SIZE... EXCEPT IN THE CLOSE-UPS, THAT IS.
AND NOW... THE 4 O'CLOCK CINEMA.
OUR SCHEDULED FILM, 'CITIZEN KANE,' WILL NOT BE SEEN TODAY. INSTEAD... WE PRESENT 'THE THING WITH TWO HEADS' STARRING RAY MILLAND AND ROOSEVELT GRIER...
AHAAAH! FROM 'ROSEBUD' TO ROSEY GRIER.
WELL, I HAVE SOME TASTE!-- I'LL COME BACK FOR THE MIDNIGHT SHOW WHEN THEY RUN 'CASABLANCA!'
'TIL THEN, IT'S THE OLD CARDS ...IN ANOTHER PLACE.
JOHN WORKMAN

The City That Didn't Exist
by P. Christin and Enki Bilal

LAST ISSUE: THE FACTORY WORKERS AT J HANNARD INC WERE ON STRIKE WHEN THEY HEARD OF THEIR BOSS'S DEATH. WILL THE NEW HEAD HONCHO GIVE IN TO THEIR DEMANDS?

GO GET 'EM, LOUIE!
LADIES PLEASE, THIS IS A PLACE OF BUSINESS! YOU CAN FORGET YOUR BONUSES NOW!
DON'T WORRY, GIRLS! WE'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT!


TALK ABOUT A CHATEAU!
YEAH AND IT WAS BUILT WITH THE BLOOD AND SWEAT OF MY FATHER AND GRANDFATHER THEY ALL DIED BECAUSE OF THIS LOUSY BUILDING!

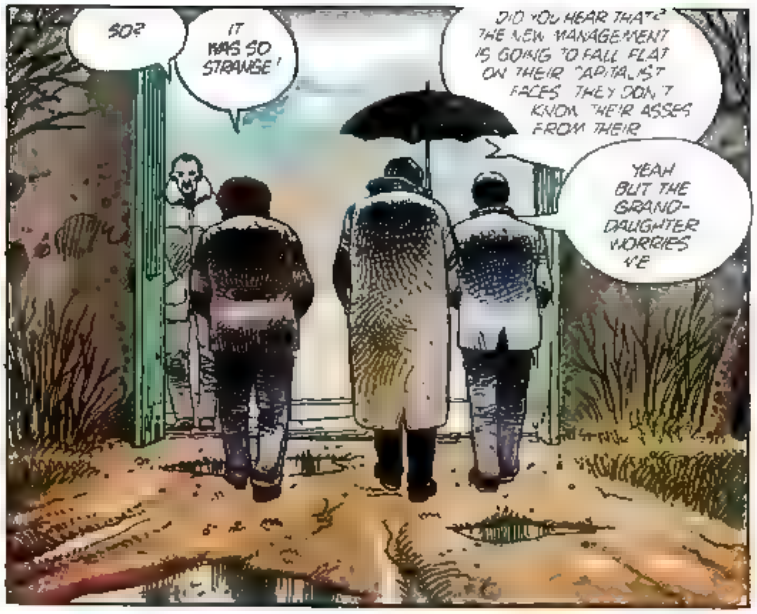
YEAH IS HE IN?
WAIT HERE. I'LL GO SEE.
GOD. THIS IS EVEN MORE LUXURIOUS THAN I THOUGHT
LOOK HOW YOUNG HE ONCE WAS. THAT'S HIM AT THE TIME OF HIS FIRST FACTORY- THE CEMENT WORKS
HMMM
THIS ONE IS FROM WHEN HE STARTED THE FOUNDRY AT THAT TIME, ENGINEERS WERE REALLY SOMETHING!
HMMM
GENTLEMEN WILL YOU PLEASE FOLLOW ME?
NOK!
OVERCOATS JACKETS. UMBRELLAS WEAPONS
HERE!
THANK YOU.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN "WEAPONS"? WE'RE NOT ANIMALS YOU KNOW!
BING
SA-?
REALLY? I'M NOT SO SURE
FOLLOW ME!

JESUS!
CRAC
OOOOPS!
THAT PIECE IS ER WAS WORTH ABOUT 8500 FRANKS I WAS BROUGHT BACK FROM CANTON BY MONSIEUR AND MADAME IN 193
8500 FRANKS? SHIT! YOU KNOW WE'RE ON STRIKE I DON'T HAVE THAT KIND OF MONEY NOW CAN'T IT BE EASILY GLUED?
SSSH KEEP IT DOWN!
SHUT UP FOR GOD'S SAKE!

AH, MR. DIRECTOR! HOW CAN WE EXPRESS-
ENOUGH! SAVE YOUR CONDOLENCES FOR THE RELATIVES!
AH, MY DEAR DIRECTOR WHAT A LOSS FOR ALL OF US
QUIET DOWN.
BROTHERS, THE TIME FOR MEDITATION HAS ONLY JUST BEGUN THE SKY WEIGHS VERY HEAVILY OVER JADENCOURT TODAY
YOU, STAND OVER HERE AND TRY NOT TO BREAK ANYTHING!
YEAH, WELL.
NEVERTHELESS, BUSINESS MUST BE ATTENDED TO HAVE YOU ALL BEEN THINKING ABOUT YOUR NEW DUTIES?
HMMM I BELIEVE WE'D BETTER CONTACT CENTRAL SERVICES AT LILLE!
AND THE HEIRS, MUST BE NOTIFIED!
EXCUSE ME SIR, BUT THE GRAND-DAUGHTER OF MONSIEUR IS, TO MY KNOWLEDGE, THE ONLY HEIR SHE - STILL AT BERCK SHE HAS BEEN THERE FOR THE PAST SEVEN YEARS EVER SINCE HER ACCIDENT AT THE STUD FARM
GENTLEMEN, PERHAPS YOU COULD BE IN CHARGE OF CONTACTING THE OFFICE
WITH PLEASURE DOCTOR
CERTAINLY

AND YOU MY DEAR LUCIEN GET IN TOUCH WITH MADEMOISELLE MADELEINE
AT ONCE SIR!

HMMMM PERHAPS WE'RE IN THE WAY
WE MUSTN'T BOTHER THEM NOW
YEAH I GUESS THIS REALLY ISN'T THE TIME

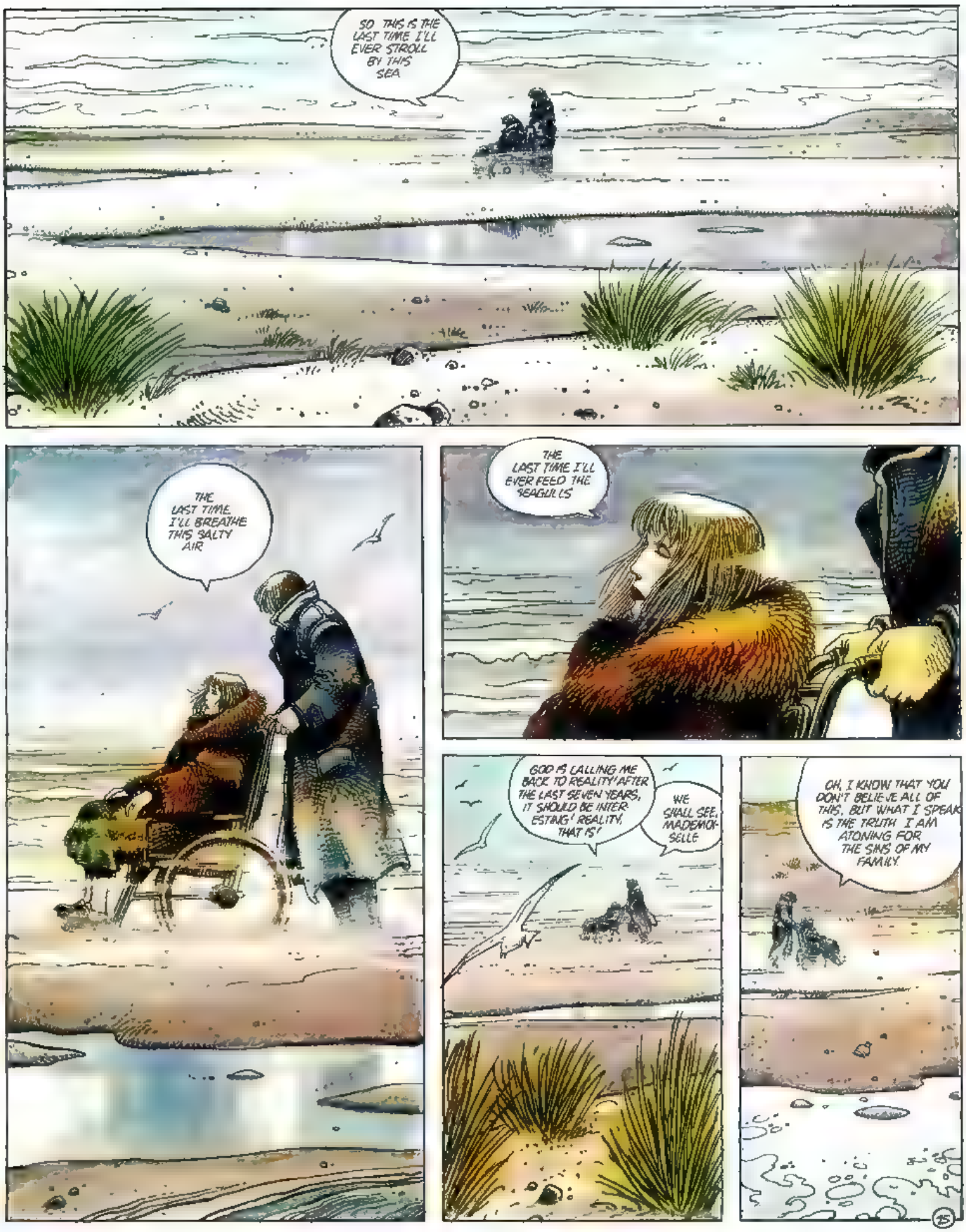

SO?
IT WAS SO STRANGE!
DID YOU HEAR THAT? THE NEW MANAGEMENT IS GOING TO FALL FLAT ON THEIR CAPITALIST FACES THEY DON'T KNOW THEIR ASSES FROM THEIR
YEAH BUT THE GRAND-DAUGHTER WORRIES ME

THIS WAY!
WATCH THE CHINA

AS MADEMOISELLE WISHES. NO AMBULANCE, BUT MONSIEUR'S CAR VERY WELL I'LL COME AT ONCE

BAH! AN INVALID WHO KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT BUSINESS!
THERE'S THE CAR. HE'S PROBABLY GOING TO PICK HER UP NOW!
A CIGARETTE MY FRIEND?
YEAH, THANKS!
I CAN'T BELIEVE HOW HYPOCRITICAL WE WERE IN THERE! PERFECT MOURNERS FOR THAT ASS!

LOOK AT THAT! WHAT AN ANTIQUE!
APPARENTLY THE OLD MAN WAS A REAL LITTLE KID WHEN IT CAME TO ANTIQUE CARS!


SO THIS IS THE LAST TIME I'LL EVER STROLL BY THIS SEA
THE LAST TIME I'LL BREATHE THIS SALTY AIR
THE LAST TIME I'LL EVER FEED THE SEAGULLS
GOD IS CALLING ME BACK TO REALITY! AFTER THE LAST SEVEN YEARS, IT SHOULD BE INTERESTING! REALITY, THAT IS!
WE SHALL SEE, MADEMOISELLE
OH, I KNOW THAT YOU DON'T BELIEVE ALL OF THIS, BUT WHAT I SPEAK IS THE TRUTH. I AM ATONING FOR THE SINS OF MY FAMILY.
25

I'M PAYING FOR ALL OF THE MONEY THEY'VE STOLEN
BUT I WILL NOT LET THEM DICTATE TO ME!
THERE IS THE CAR
MADEMOISELLE MADELEINE IT'S BEEN SUCH A LONG TIME SINCE I LAST SAW YOU
YOU LOOK WONDERFUL!
THANK YOU LUCIEN. LET'S GO BY AND PICK UP MY BAGS. WE CAN LEAVE IMMEDIATELY THEREAFTER
YOU KNOW, I USED TO GALLOP IN THESE HILLS.
45

TO BE CONTINUED.

"There are things that exist. Things we cannot see...
YAP
BLINK
BLINK
HOOH
HEH
KTEE
KTEE
... most of the time."
METAZOA
Solotoff

CHAIN MAIL

Well, Lou, it's like this

If your predecessor, Brad the Impaler, had penned the editorial reply to Lana L. Johnson in the 10/82 "Chain Mail," I'd just mutter deprecatorily and go no further, but—Jesus, Mary and Joseph sit on my *face*! it was *you*: my erstwhile astute editor; a *swell* guy, loving father of seven . . . no, uh, wait . You'

To recap: Johnson's letter was in response to the first two installments of David Black's series, "The Third Sexual Revolution" (May and July '82, respectively—part three was in the same issue as her letter) She is as articulate as she is favorable of Black's essays, but has one complaint: that for someone engrossed in modern sexuality Black displays far more interest in protracted images of female desire and desirability (a subset in a system of male values) than in what women might *really* want.

Now this is where it gets interesting: you reply, you cad, "If what you're saying is 'David Black is a man and therefore can't/ shouldn't write about female sexuality,' then I think you're full of it. But I don't know if that's what you're saying because you coyly refuse to tell us." Gee, either Johnson's letter was drastically edited for publication or you were having one of those horrifying fits, responsible for the high secretarial turnover at NatLampInc , that you suffer whenever you're translating ' Zora" into English (*That's a low blow, Robert.—ls*) . because she *not once* attributes Black's shortcomings as a writer to his being a him; rather, she expresses a sharp disappointment that he's not as thorough a writer as she feels he could be on the topic at hand (so to speak). I mean, she can't be clearer, Lou, and all the evidence is on her side: all eleven of the men Black quotes in conversation are successful, influential sex entrepreneurs; of the five women, two are successful in the lingerie business, another is his *wife*, then there's the unnamed poet, and the asshole who, among other things, thinks men shouldn't have the vote. *Right.* Even-handed, huh? Black can talk to Al Goldstein, but not Gloria Leonard And of the five authors he cites in his quest to uncover the origins of the Great Goddess (o-kay) and sexual transcendence, guess who isn't among them? Where, for example, is Merlin Stone's *When God Was a Woman* or Marina Warner's recent studies of the Virgin Mary and Joan of Arc? (Where, for that matter, is Philip Slater and Michel Foucault -but that's another tirade)

And come on, Lou, given the subject, don't you find accusing poor, only-doing-her-best Lana Johnson of *any* sort of "coy refusal ' especially inappropriate? Honestly

Your Pal,
Robert Morales
New York, NY

P S I may be wrong, but didn't you promise N.cholas Davies in the August '82 "Chain Mail" that Black would . . . what was it "expand his focus to include the very real influence the gay sensibility has had on eighties' eroticism?" Did I miss an issue?

Well, Robert, it's like this Ms. Johnson's letter was edited only a bit, and I don't think my accusation of a coy refusal at all inappropriate—she seemed much more interested in sarcastic put-downs (especially the last two sentences of her letter) than in making any real point, other than finding David's attention to the historical development of the iconography of sexual arousal not informative. That simply was the point of the piece, and I found it fascinating. As to the boy vs. girl headcount that you tally up, so what? Given the space he had I think he did quite well—Al Goldstein is a much more public figure than Gloria Leonard (and has had more of an effect on public perceptions of sexuality), and are you implying that David's wife is too insignificant to quote? Obviously, David didn't write the piece that you would've liked to have seen—isn't that what you're saying? And no, you didn't miss an issue—I was wondering about it myself and hoped nobody would notice—ls

Dear Metal Forgers,

I'd like to take a second to talk about covers (old topic). I was lucky to find in one of the first two issues of *HM* in my collection a page with all the covers for the first 31 issues. Of those thirty-one only eight had nude/partially nude women or likenesses thereof, whereas in the last twenty-five issues, twenty-one of them had women, nude and clothed, or likenesses thereof. Now the point of having to sell was already discussed, but if a cover is strikingly unusual it will sell as much as if it was beautiful or sexy -the first thirty sold well, didn't they? *(No. I repeat, since most of our sales are from newsstands, the image on the cover is of crucial importance to sales A recent example is the difference in sales between the April '82—prizewinner for the World's Biggest Jugs competition—and May '82 issues. Care to guess which one sold 15,000 more copies? Sad but true, gang.—ls)* The point is quality! *(No, the point is* survival!*—ls)* I love those really unusual first covers not because of the novelty but because of the talent and quality of the art. My opinions are, of course, purely subjective, but the better you know what individual buyers like, the better you know what the public likes (I hope). *(The only way we know what the public likes is from our sales figures. The lascivious have spoken.—ls).*

Sam W.se
Bronx, NY

Dear Lathanides.

I feel compelled to write to you since, as Jayne Mansfield is reputed to have said, there are a couple of things I would like to get off my chest The first concerns Lou Stathis's column. You make a mistake in assuming that all your readers are fans of rock, especially the mad-slasher variety. I always go for Baroque, which is characterized by a lack of stasis. Perhaps your magazine should also be characterized by a lack of Stathis. *(Now* that's *clever!—ls)* Rod Kierkegaard is progressing with his strip, which at first was rather formless. It started out as Either/Or, but now it has become an Edifying Discourse. I hope he doesn't reach his Concluding Unscientific Postscript too soon. But David Black's ruminations baffle me completely Like many people he confuses the numinous experience with the religious experience In that respect there is nothing between him and Charismatics, teenage rock fans and those affected persons who turn to Eastern religions; they are all seeking a spiritual high. Also, he seems to imagine that Christianity will be supplanted by some form of pagan worship involving Earth Mother But the idea of the Earth as a female principle is an animistic belief, and Western culture has come a long way from animism. *(Huh?—ls)* It would appeal to Black because (as he admits) he has atavistic leanings There is plenty of atavism nowadays, in the pounding beat of rock music and the restricted vocabulary of young people I would stop buying *HM* if I thought its editors were becoming cerebral about sex. I buy it only because it features good old-fashioned smut.

Gareth D Barnard
Memphis, Tenn.

Sirs

Do you think death puts a stop to an artist's work? No way! You may still have Moebius and Robin Williams—but on *our* side of the fence, we have Winsor McCay collaborating with John Belushi . . . De Sade writing for Vaughn Bodé . . Peter Sellers doing sit-coms with Groucho Marx . . Dashiell Hammett working with Ernie Bushmiller on a new "Nancy" strip . Virgil Finlay inking a new graphic novel by Michaelangelo . . .

And—thanks to Secretary Watt's forestry policies—we have more than enough paper to print copies for everyone in the afterlife—in languages stretching back far before the Rosetta Stone

We just wanted to say thanks for everything you living have done for us deceased. Without your help, we wouldn't be where we are today.

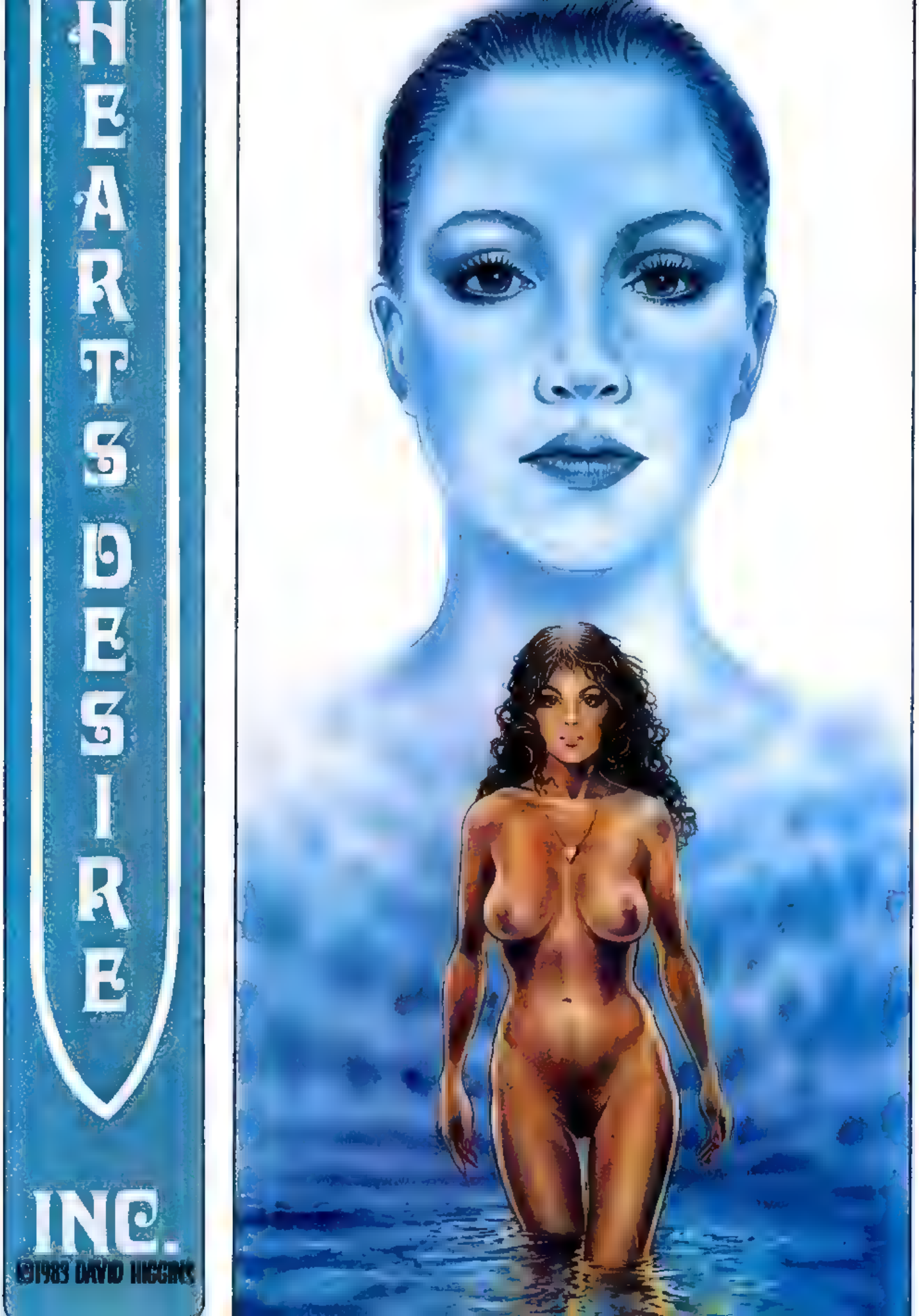
Eternally grateful,
Reed Crandall

P.S.—When are you going to send us Steranko? He's long past due, you know

Dear Editor:

Since the first day I saw a *HM* crumpled on the back seat of a friend's car, I knew it was the mag I had been waiting for! It has changed a great deal since the beginning, going from one format to another, but I still collect them devotedly. All I can say is I've enjoyed many and been disappointed by few. I feel it's worth reading a magazine that is willing to try new things and doesn't become mundane Thanks for the pleasure and the confusion!

Terry Middleton
North Vancouver, B.C.


HEARTS DESIRE
INC.
©1983 DAVID HIGGINS

AWAKE?
I HOPE YOU ENJOYED YOUR TEN MINUTES' FREE TRIAL WITH OUR SUPER-HEART'S-DESIRE-LUCID-DREAM-ENHANCER
AND REMEMBER YOU CAN ENJOY THIS OUTSTANDING LEISURE-TIME EXPERIENCE FOR A MODEST INVESTMENT OF 1995 CREDITS
INCLUDING FREE INSTALLATION IN YOUR OWN APARTMENT!
HOW SOON CAN YOU DELIVER?

JUNE 2050

BY JOHN WORKMAN & KENT WILLIAMS

THE CHAUFFEUR OPENED THE BACK DOOR OF THE PRIVATE CRUISER AND SHARON RICHARDSON STEPPED OUT. THE TWO MEN WERE WAITING.

GOOD MORNING, MRS RICHARDSON.

EVERYTHING IS READY FOR YOU

THEY LED HER INSIDE THE BUILDING AND POINTED PROUDLY AT THE THING. SHARON GASPED SHE HADN'T EXPECTED SUCH PERFECTION

WE BELIEVE, MRS RICHARDSON, THAT THE RBB-096 IS AS CLOSE TO HUMAN AS A MECHANICAL BODY WILL *EVER* BE! IT CAN SIMULATE EVERY HUMAN FUNCTION. JUST LOOK AT THE SKIN AND HAIR LISTEN TO THE HEARTBEAT. AND YOU SHOULD SEE IT *MOVE!*

PLEASE MAY I. MAY I SEE IT *MOVE?!?*

IN TOTAL SILENCE THEY WATCHED AS THE MECHANISM WAS PUT THROUGH ITS PACES.

THE MACHINE CAME TO A HALT, TURNED, AND FACED SHARON. ITS DULL EYES LOOKED DIRECTLY INTO HERS. SHE SLOWLY REACHED OUT A GLOVED HAND

YES YES IT'S *PERFECT.*

I AM VERY OLD. YEARS AGO I TRADED MY FLESH-AND-BLOOD BODY FOR THE METALLIC ATROCITY YOU SEE BEFORE YOU. BUT I KNEW THAT ONE DAY I WOULD BE NORMAL AGAIN. AND NOW YOU'VE GIVEN ME A SOFT, WARM, HUMAN BODY THAT WILL LAST FOREVER

THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN

SHARON TURNED TO GO

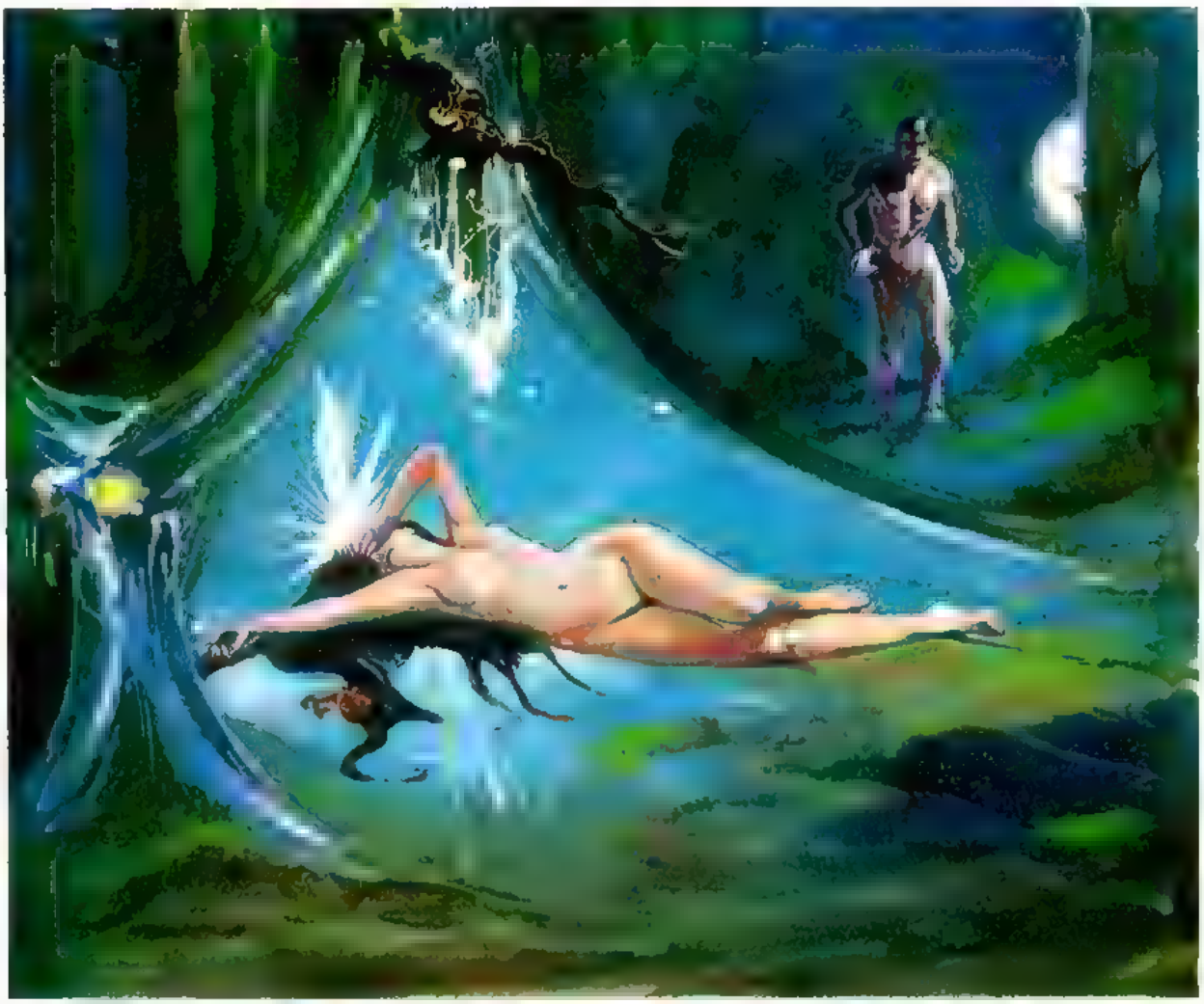
UHH MRS. RICHARDSON. AFTER THE TRANSFER OF YOUR BRAIN TO THE NEW BODY, WHAT SHOULD WE DO WITH THE OLD ONE?

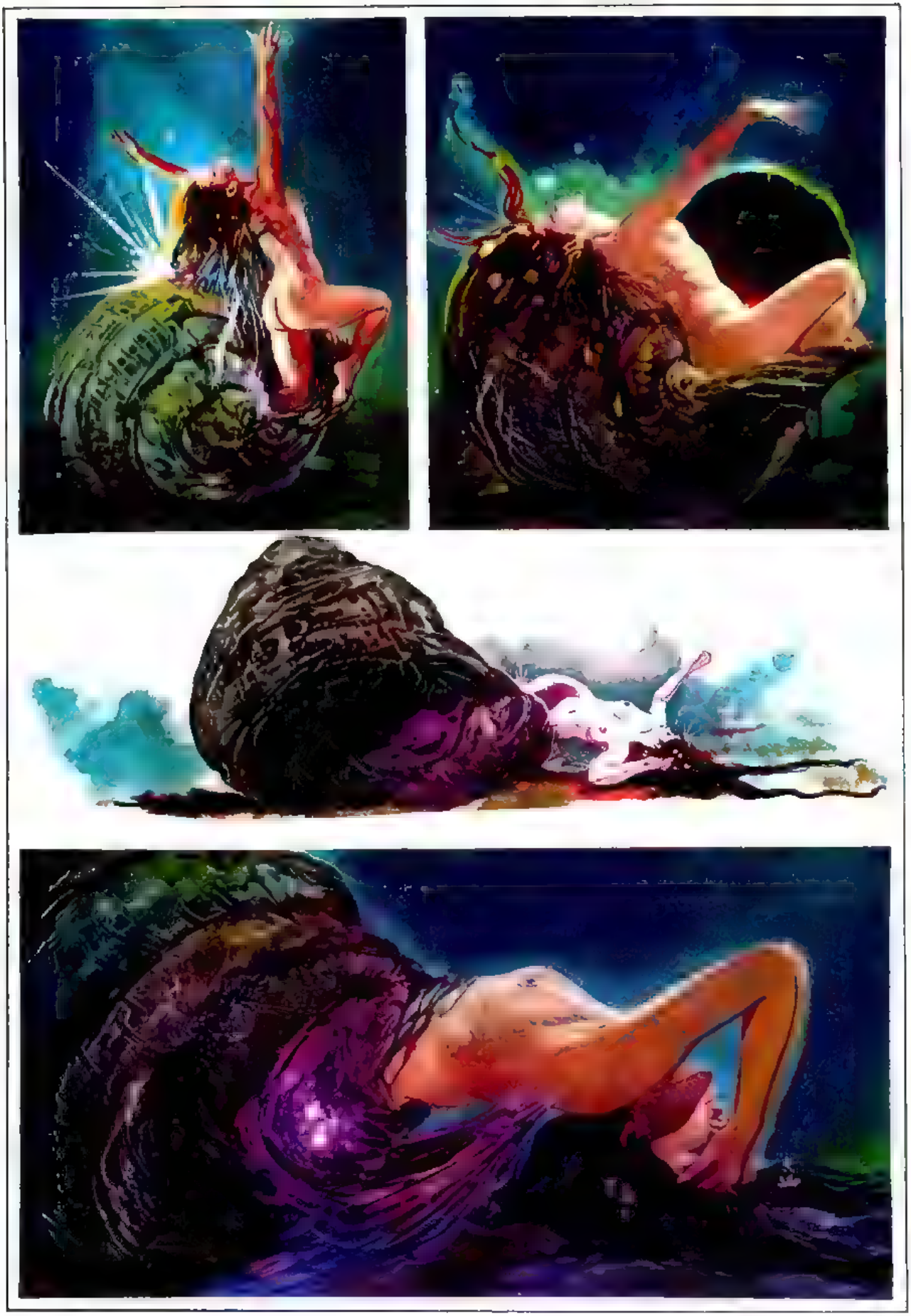
WHY DON'T WE. *BURY IT!?!*

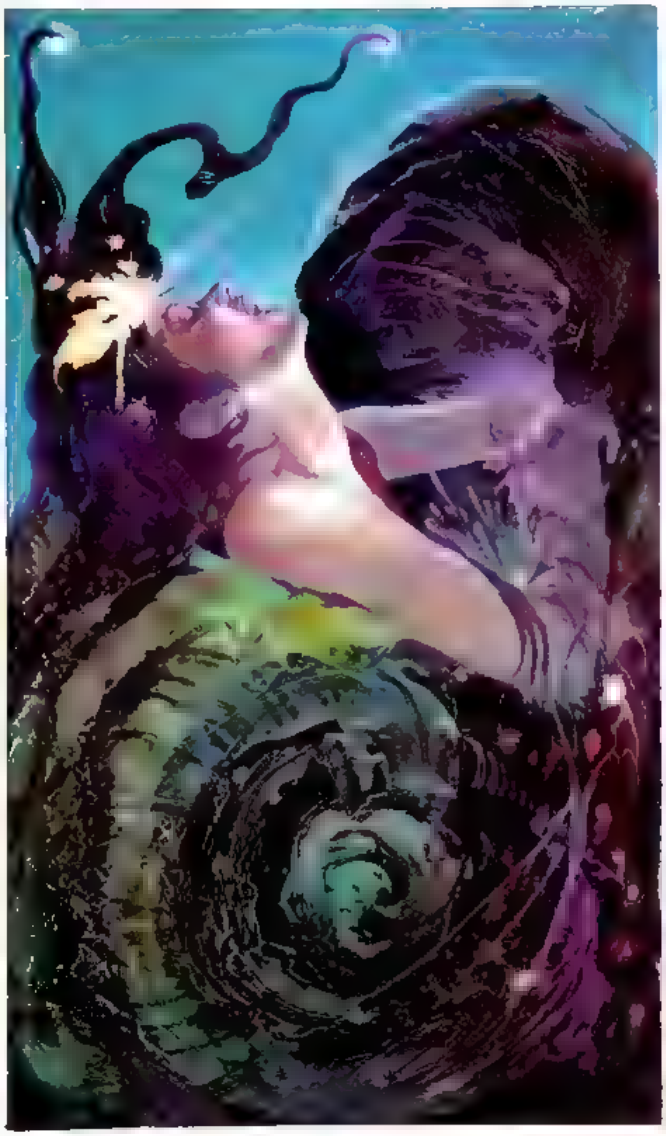
©'92

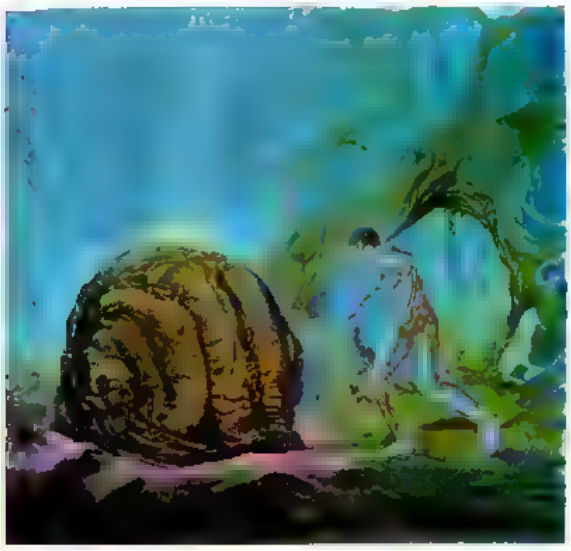
Crisálida

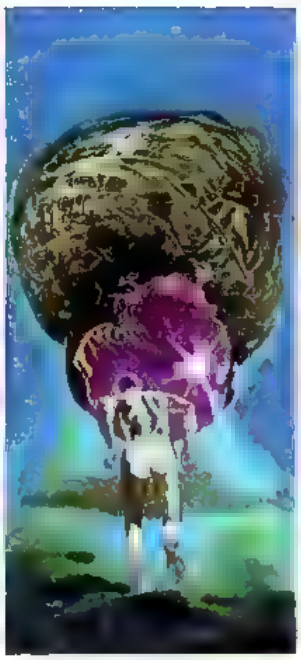
THERE COMES A TIME IN EVERY MAN'S LIFE WHEN HE DREAMS OF BEING ALONE WITH A VERY NAKED WOMAN.

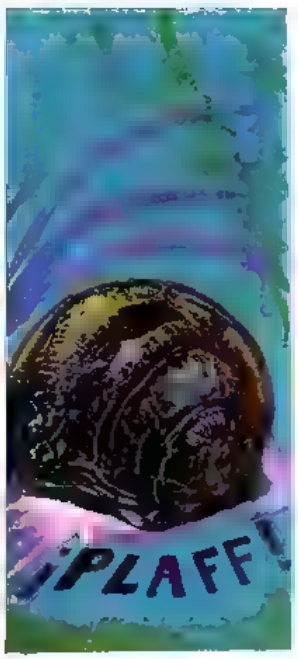








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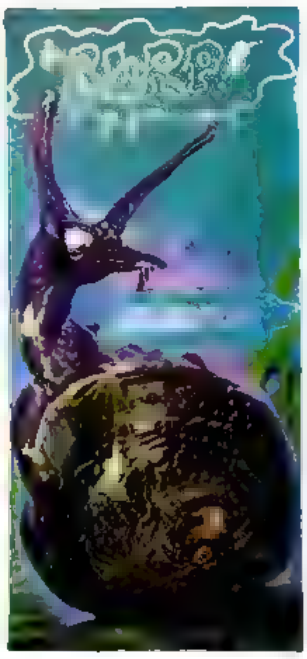
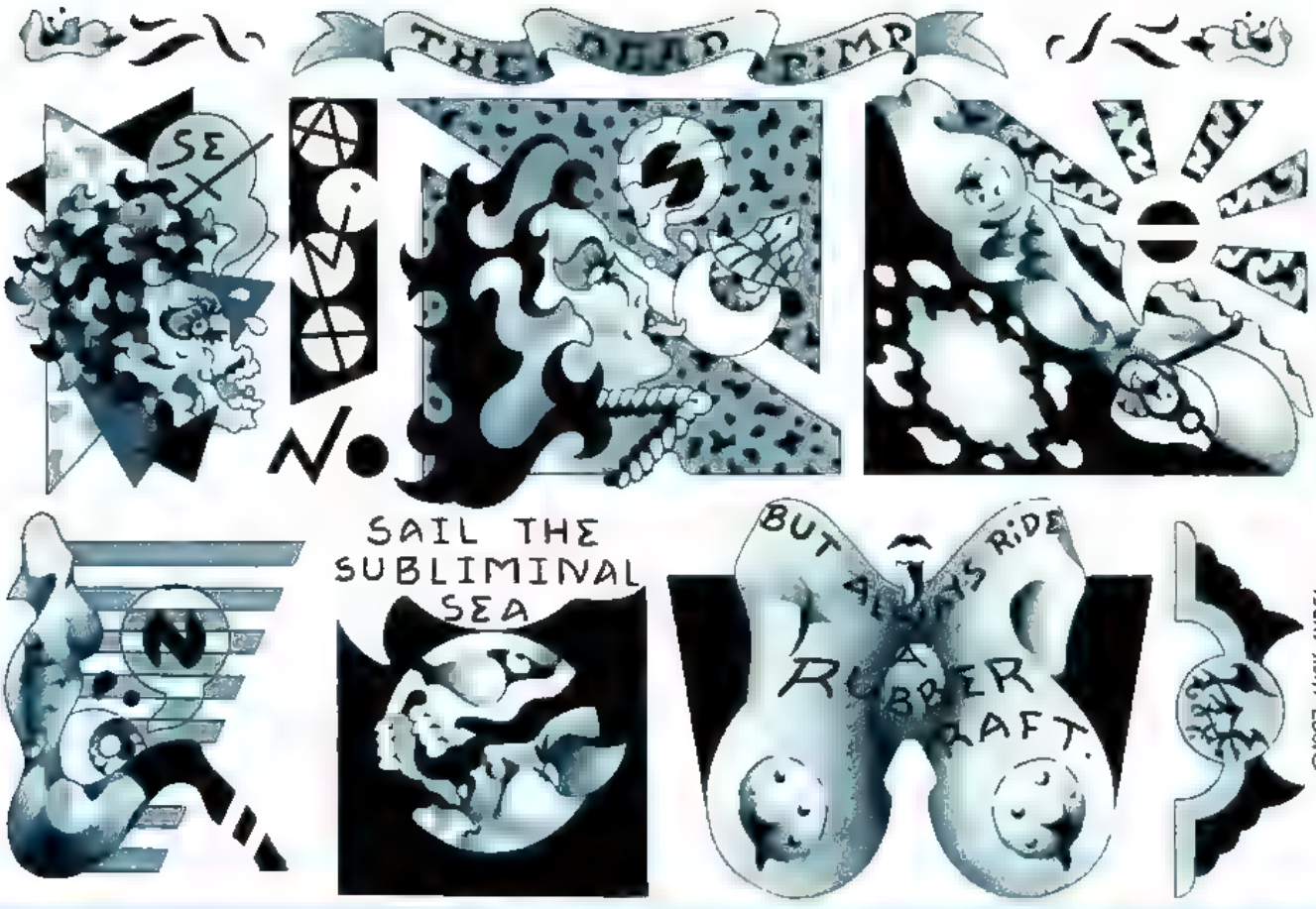
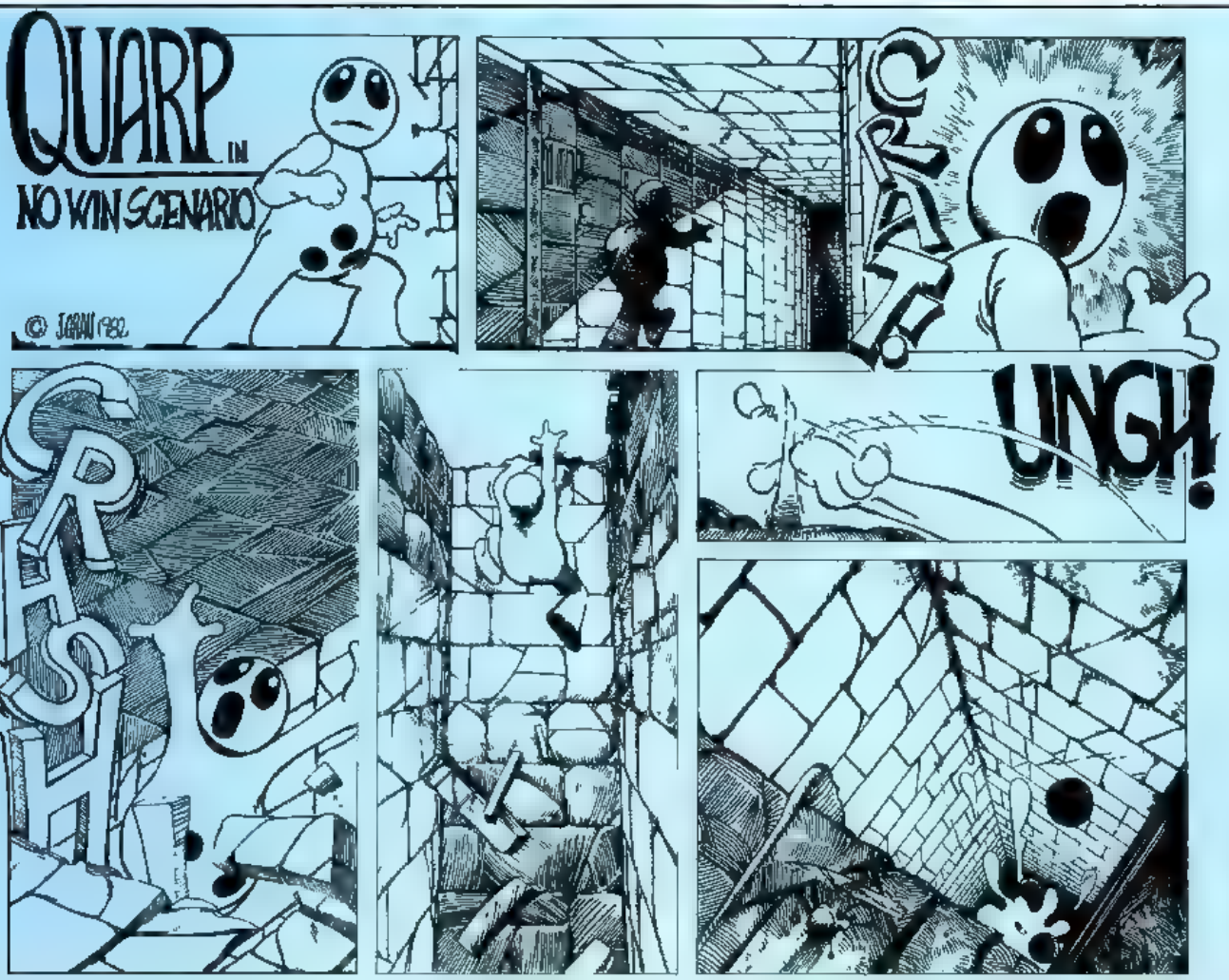



THE DEAD PIMP
SEX
AND
NO
SAIL THE SUBLIMINAL SEA
BUT ALWAYS RIDE A RUBBER RAFT.
© 1983 MICK ANGEL


QUARP IN
NO WIN SCENARIO
© JGRAU 1982
CRASH!
UNGH!
CRASH!

THE APE

LAST WE SAW, THE YOUNG APE AND EHR-LANG WERE FIGHTING T OUT THEY WERE JUST ABOUT NECK AND NECK WHEN WE LEFT THEM

THEY'LL NEVER GET H.M' NEK TOO STRONG!
WHAT IF WE THREW A VASE ON HIS HEADZ HE'D FA N T AND THEN WE COULD TRAP HIM ALIVE!
I THINK I'D BETTER TAKE CHARGE
LAO-TZE, FOUNDER OF TAOISM DO YOU HAVE A WEAPON?
I HAVE BUT A SIMPLE LASSO OF DIAMONDS, AS YOU CAN SEE WHEN I LEFT CHINA TO CON- VERT THE BARBARIANS OF THE WEST THIS CAME N VERY HANDY HERE, TRY IT!
WHAT IS THAT A KITE?
A MAGICAL LASSO THERE'S NOTH NG I CAN DO ABOUT IT I CAN'T EVEN TRANSFORM MYSELF!
VICTORY! WE'VE WON! LONG LIVE EHR-LANG!
WHO ARE THEY KIDDING? EHR-LANG, THE CONQUEROR OF ME? IF IT WASN'T FOR LAO-TZE, HE WOULD NEVER HAVE CAPTURED ME
IT'S NOT IMPORTANT WHO CAUGHT YOU JUST AS LONG AS I GET THE CREDIT, WHO CARES?
EXACTLY! LET'S TAKE OUR LITTLE HAIRY BUNDLE BACK TO THE EMPEROR!

ZAK!
YOU STAY AND BURY THAT INSUB-ORDINATE BROTHER OF YOURS AND I'LL DELIVER THE APE TO HIS MAJESTY AND GET ALL THE CREDIT
GOT YOU LOUD AND CLEAR, BROTHER!
HAVE A GOOD TRIP!
CONQUER CONQUER CONQUER
AND WE'VE CONQUERED IN THE SKY
ON EARTH AND ON SEA
THAT SONG IS VERY NICE HAS IT MADE THE TOP TEN YET?

AS PRISONER OF THE CELESTIAL TROOPS, THE YOUNG APE IS TAKEN TO THE EXECUTION SITE WHERE HE WILL MOST LIKELY BE CUT UP INTO 20,000 LITTLE PIECES NOT ONE MORE, NOT ONE LESS

HE'S PRETTY TOUGH! WE'VE GONE THROUGH EVERY AXE IN THE ENTIRE CHÂTEAU OF THE CLOUDS!
WE CAN'T LET THE EMPEROR DOWN. IF HE WANTS SOMEONE DECAPITATED, WE HAVE GOT TO DO IT!
DOES THAT HURT, YOUNG APE?
OOOOH, A LITTLE TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT THERE!
THERE'S NOTHING ELSE WE CAN DO! LET'S CALL THE SPIRITS OF THE FIVE STARS, MAYBE THEY CAN SET FIRE TO THE STAKE
GOOD IDEA. IT IS GETTING A BIT CHILLY OUT HERE!

HEY, THIS IDEA OF THE STARS AND THE ELECTRICAL BOLTS IS TERRIFIC SORT OF LIKE SHIATSU HMMM A LITTLE TO THE LEFT, PLEASE
IT'S USELESS HE'S IMPERVIOUS TO THE "FIVE STARS," TOO
MASTER, I HAVE NO IDEA WHERE HIS INVINCIBILITY COMES FROM.
YES, INDEED HE IS EXTRAORDINARY WITH ALL OF HIS MAGICAL TRICKS
YOU KNOW, WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT IT IT'S NOT SO EXTRAORDINARY AFTER ALL HE DID EAT ALL OF THOSE IMMORTALITY PEACHES ..AND HE DID DRINK THE ELIXIR OF LONG LIFE! THOSE THINGS ADD UP WHEN IT'S A QUESTION OF DYING!
HMM FINE FULL BOWLS OF ELIXIR IN THAT SHORT AMOUNT OF TIME I DOUBT WE'LL EVER BE ABLE TO CONQUER HIM BRING HIM TO MY LABORATORY AND LET ME SEE WHAT I CAN DO
I COMMAND THAT THE YOUNG APE, GREAT WISE MAN, ETC BE BROUGHT TO LAO-TZE, INVENTOR OF ETC FOR FURTHER INSPECTION, ETC
MASTER, FOUNDER, NOT INVENTOR, GRANTED A TECHNICALITY, BUT AN IMPORTANT ONE, NONETHELESS.
INDRA I LIKED IT BETTER WHEN YOU WERE STUPIDER THAN I

MY DUCE!
DON'T CALL ME THAT SO YOU WANT TO BE REWARDED FOR COMBATING THIS UNCHAINED FURRY FURY THAT CALLS HIMSELF THE YOUNG APE?
HERE'S YOUR RETRIBUTION!
100 FLOWERS OF GOLD!
100 MOTHBALLS!
100 JARS OF CELESTIAL WINE!
PLUS A LARGE QUANTITY OF PEARLS AND BROCADES BROUGHT TO YOU BY BOXER AND BOXER, "JEWELERS TO THE CLOUDS"
FOR LACK OF ANYTHING BETTER TO DO WITH HIM, THE YOUNG APE IS PLACED IN A LARGE VAT OF ALCHEMICAL FIRE
MAKE SURE THE FIRE IS KEPT ALIVE AFTER FORTY DAYS, HE WILL BE REDUCED TO ASHES. ALL THAT WILL BE LEFT IS A FEW DROPS OF ELIXIR
WOULD YOU MIND LOWERING YOUR HEADS I HAVE TO CLOSE THE CONTAINER
TENTH DAY LOSS OF HAIR.
TWELFTH DAY THE SKIN'S GOING QUICKLY
THIRTIETH DAY BONES ARE ABOUT ALL THAT'S LEFT
FORTIETH DAY I'LL GET THE ELIXIR YOU THROW OUT THE ASHES
OPEN THE CRUCIBLE, MY LOVELY AIDS!

SPSFFF
OOOH, THE LIGHT THAT REALLY HURTS MY EYES SURPRISE, BOYS AND GIRLS!
LONG LIVE FREEDOM!
YOU! BUT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE ASHES. THE ALCHEMIST'S FIRE SHOULD HAVE CONSUMED YOU
GET LOST LAO-TZE, AND SAY A HOWDY-DO TO TAOISM FOR ME!
I'M GO NG TO RUN AMOK THROUGH THIS PALACE SO Q..CK.Y THEY WON'T KNOW WHICH WAY IS UP AND VICE VERSE

NOT AGAIN!
MASTER, THE APE DID NOT EXPIRE IN THE CRUCIBLE AFTER ALL. I DON'T KNOW WHAT COULD HAVE GONE WRONG!
YYAAAA
TOK
LEAVE HIM TO ME
LOOK HERE, ZORRO YOU DIDN'T THINK YOU COULD STOP ME WITH THAT WHIP, DID YOU?
EHR-LANG SHOULD BE FIGHTING THIS CREEP WHAT WITH ALL THOSE GOODIES HE RECEIVED FROM THE EMPEROR
LET'S GO INTO THE CONFERENCE ROOM I MUST TRY TO SUMMON BUDDHA HE IS OUR LAST HOPE

I REALLY MUST TAKE A ROMP UP TO THE CHATEAU OF THE CLOUDS!
OH GOD
CAN YOU TALK A LITTLE LOUDER? YOU ARE SUCH A BOTHER! YOU TURN EVERYTHING UPS DE DOWN— AND THAT'S WITH TWO DS!
HEY, DON'T EXAGGERATE THE PROBLEM AT HAND.
MY DEAR BUDDHA, DON'T UNCURL YOUR YOGA POSITION ON MY ACCOUNT!
HELP!
MASTER, HAVE YOU NOT HEARD ABOUT THE YOUNG APE'S ESCAPE?

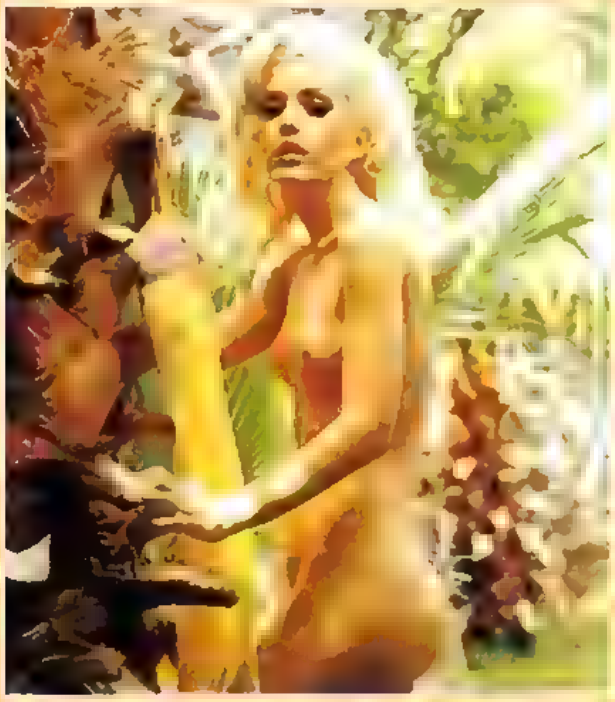
TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE

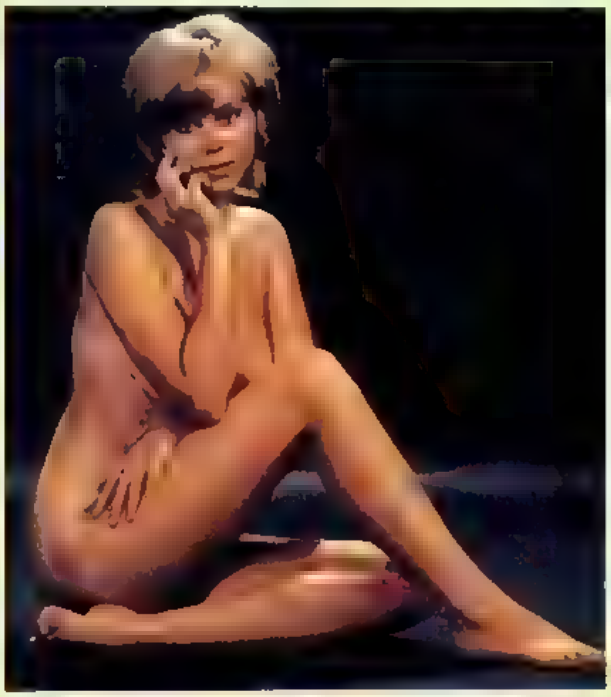
By subscribing to *National Lampoon* you can help us settle a terrible argument between Mandy and Candy.

Mandy and Candy here have just had one of the most awful arguments you ever heard. Well, Mandy told Candy (they're both marketing experts with MBAs) that she could sell more subscriptions to *National Lampoon* by wearing lots of eye shadow and posing in wholesome outdoor surroundings than Candy could posing her way. Candy said, "Tell me another one!"

Candy says that modern men respond better to a sales pitch that features an attractive woman, wearing minimal makeup, more coyly posed against a plain dark background. "Double phooey," says Mandy.

So it's up to you, the reader, to settle this argument by subscribing to the marketing technique of your choice. You can also save money, but that's a minor point outlined on the coupon. So, please, subscribe today for the marketing MBA of your choice and help us settle this argument between two girls we're very, very fond of. Maybe then we'll get some peace.





"I just know I'm right," says Mandy. "Fill out my coupon and help me really show Candy!"

Sirs:

As far as I'm concerned, MBA Mandy has the superior theory. Put me down for her.

Make [illegible] National Lampoon, Dept. [illegible], 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Make check or money order payable to National Lampoon.

Please enter [illegible] one year at the price of $9.95. That's a savings of $2.00 on the basic subscription price and a savings of $4.05 on the newsstand price.

I prefer a two-year subscription at $13.74. That's a savings of $4.20 on the basic subscription price and a savings of $34.26 on the newsstand price.

Make that [illegible] three-year subscription(s) at $18.50. That's a savings of $6.45 on the basic subscription price and a savings of $53.50 on the newsstand price.

For each year, add $5.00 for Canada, Mexico and other foreign countries. All checks must be in U.S. funds.

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For even faster service, call *toll-free* 1-800-331-1750, ask for Operator #31

Sirs:

I go along with MBA Candy. In the acumen and marketing-strategy department she couldn't be more right. Sign me up.

Make [illegible] National Lampoon, Dept. [illegible], 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Make check or money order payable to National Lampoon.

Please enter [illegible] one year at the price of $9.95. That's a savings of $2.00 on the basic subscription price and a savings of $4.05 on the newsstand price.

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NAME _____

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For even faster service, call *toll-free* 1-800-331-1750, ask for Operator #31

"Use my coupon to subscribe to *National Lampoon*," says Candy. "I've just got to put that Mandy in her place. She thinks she knows everything."

ZORA

AS AMON HOVERS NEAR DEATH IN ONE OF THE HONEYCOMB'S AUTO-MEDICS, HIS MEMORIES PROJECTED ON THE MACHINE'S READ-OUT SCREEN SHOW AN ALIEN ATTACK THAT TOOK PLACE DURING HIS HIBERNATION...
THE ALIEN HAD NOT ONLY DISARMED AMON... BUT IT ALSO SEEMED TO HAVE STOPPED THE EXTINGUISHORS' SIGNALS. HE HAD BEEN RESCUED... IT APPEARED THAT HIS LUCK HAD JUST ABOUT RUN OUT
R.I. COULD ONLY WORK MY HAND FREE ENOUGH TO USE THE LAGER PISTOL
NOW WE'LL SEE JUST HOW STRONG THIS ARMOR SUIT IS SHIT
THIS BASSARD'S GOT THE STRENGTH OF A BEAR!
HES CRUSHING MY CHEST!
OOOOAAHHH!
HELP ME, RI, GOD! WHERE ARE YOU NOW THAT I NEED YOU? DO YOU KNOW WHAT WHAT'S THE RED BUTTON NEAR MY RIGHT HAND? PRESS IT!
CLIC
AAA EEGGGSSSOOOMMZzz
THAT'S ONE HECATOMB SELF DESTRUCT SYSTEM THERE A LITTLE BIT BETTER AND IT WOULD'VE BLASTED ME, YOU AND MONK!

THE MENTAL SUGGESTIONS THAT HE'D BEEN RECEIVING STARTED COMING IN LOUD AND CLEAR AGAIN, AS IF SOME PART OF HIS BRAIN WERE BROADCASTING IT, AND NOT SOME EXTERNAL SOURCE. HE RESTED FOR A FEW MOMENTS, LETTING HIS OXYGEN SUPPLY FILL HIS LUNGS AND REFRESH HIM. THEN HE TOOK TO HIS FEET IN SEARCH OF HIS NEW OBJECTIVE
THERE IT IS! THE SHIP CARRYING THE REST OF THE CREW. THIS LOOKS TO BE AS CLOSE AS I CAN GET.
THEY'RE ON ALERT. THEY MUST FIGURE SOMETHING'S UP AFTER LOSING CONTACT WITH THEIR PATROL. I'LL HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF THE SHIP FROM HERE. BUT THIS DAMN LASER PISTOL DOESN'T HAVE THE RANGE! I'LL HAVE TO USE ONE OF THESE NUCLEAR-CHARGED MAGNETIC MINES!
NOW I GET TO PROVE JUST WHAT A HOTSHOT SOLDIER I REALLY AM!
HERE SHE GOES
BRAAM
AND THE DETONATOR GREAT!
TURNING
BUT, HELL! WHAT KIND OF FUEL DID THEY HAVE ON THAT SHIP?
WROOM

AMON! LISTEN TO ME! YOU'RE IN DANGER! YOU MUST RESPOND!
AMON! YOU'VE GOT TO OVERCOME YOUR CONCUSSION! YOU'RE OKAY PHYSICALLY, BUT YOUR LIFE-SUPPORT SYSTEMS SPRUNG A LEAK! GET UP!
I CAN'T LIFT MYSELF! MY LIMBS WON'T LISTEN! I NEED TO REST
FOOL! A FEW SECONDS' DELAY COULD BE FATAL! YOU'VE GOT JUST ENOUGH OXYGEN LEFT TO MAKE IT BACK TO THE LABORATORY!
YOU MUST TRY AGAIN! CONCENTRATE! THE SHOCK HAS PARALYZED YOU TEMPORARILY! YOU CAN DO IT!
THE FUTURE OF THE HUMAN RACE IN THIS PART OF THE GALAXY DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU DO NOW!
I'M SICK OF TAKING ORDERS! I'M NOT A ROBOT! I'M SO TIRED!
LOOK. THIS IS THE FUTURE THAT AWAITS YOU IF YOU SURVIVE! YOU WILL SEE WHY WE'VE CHOSEN TO HELP YOU!
THE DANGERS THAT LAY BEFORE AMON ZORA, AND THE SON THEY WOULD HAVE WERE SUDDENLY REVEALED TO AMON IN A QUICK SERIES OF MIND-FLASHES.
TO BE CONTINUED...

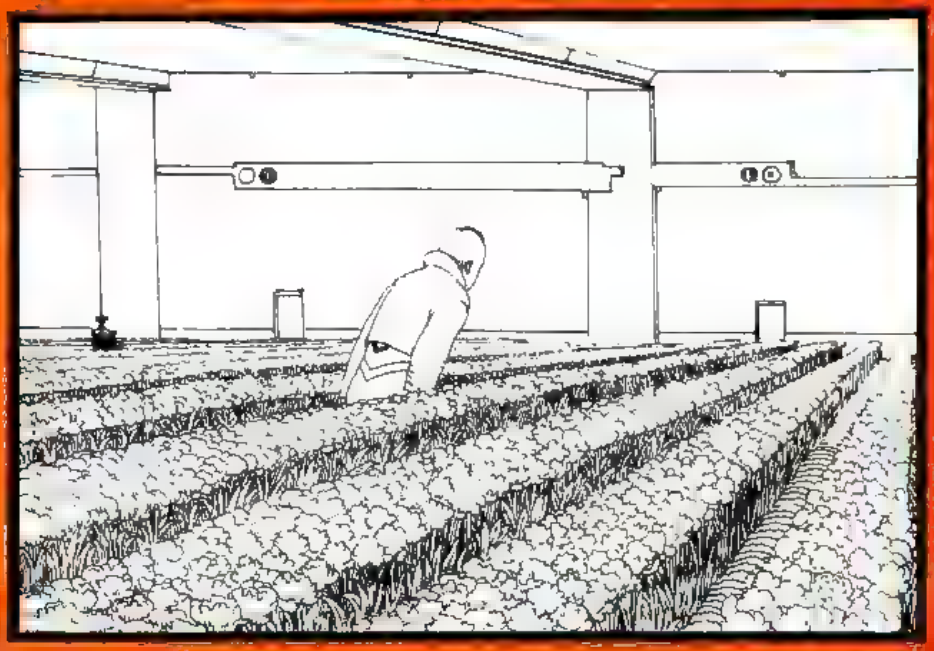
I'MAGE

LIFE'S SAFER WHEN YOU BLEND IN, WHEN YOU BELONG.
THE LONGER YOU LIVE IN ONE PLACE, THE MORE SUBTLE YOUR DISGUISE.
I'M NOT MYSELF TODAY.
© RBS JEFFREY JONES

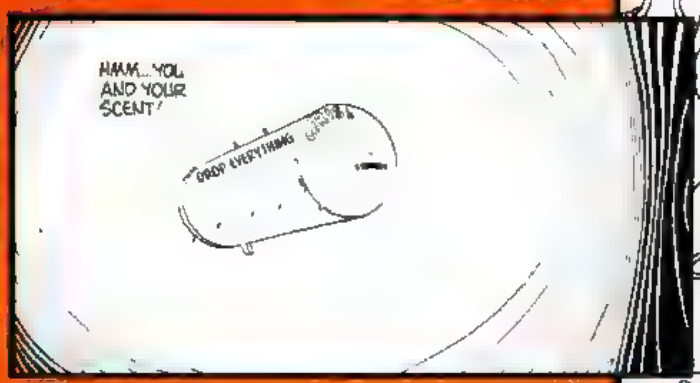
THE TWINKLE IN FILDEGAR'S EYE

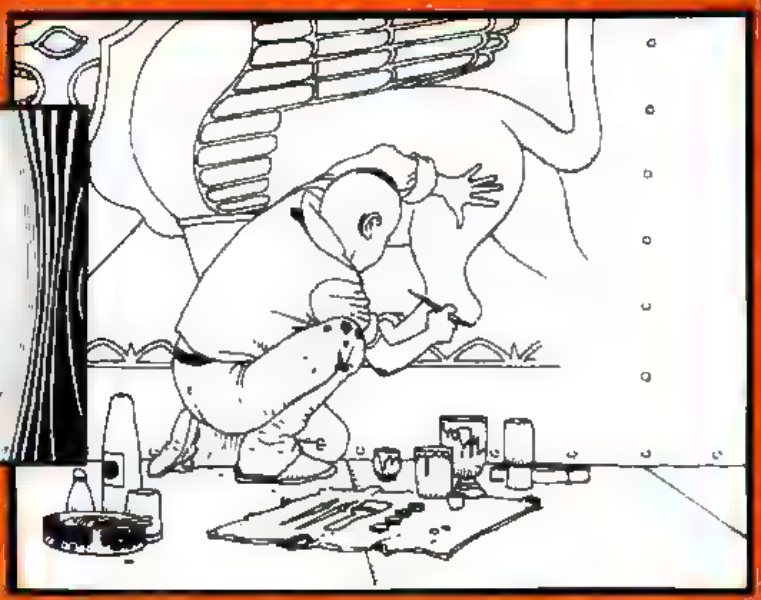
by Moebius

IN THE EMPTINESS OF THE GALAXY FILDEGAR'S SPACESHIP WAS MOVING AT ONE MILLION TIMES THE SPEED OF LIGHT



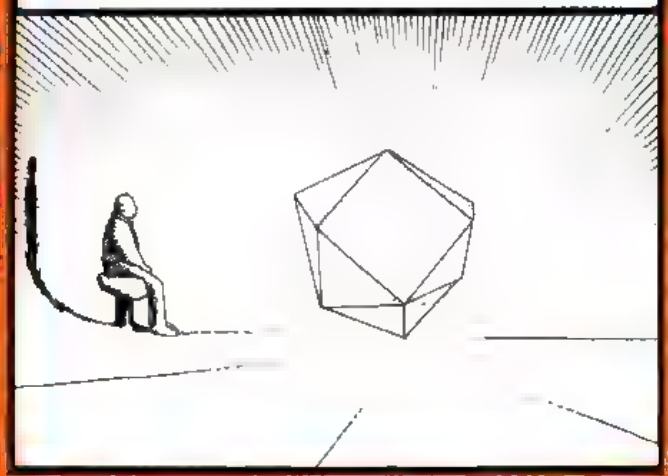
LOST IN THE DENSITY OF HYPERSPACE, FILDEGAR SPENT MOST OF HIS TIME IN THE HYDROPONIC GREENHOUSE, SMACK-DAB IN THE MIDDLE OF A LOT OF FLOWERS.



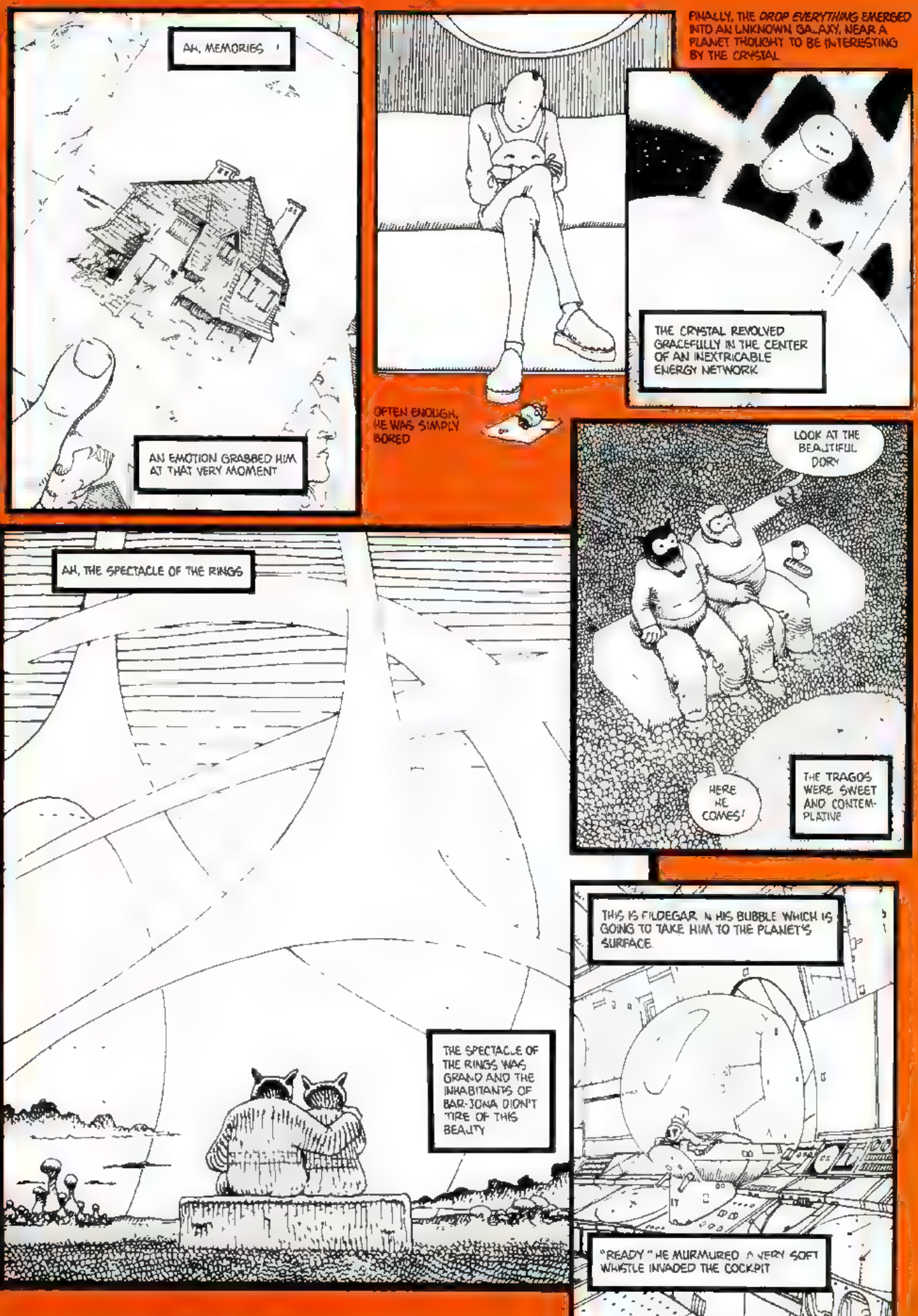


PAINTING INTERMINABLE FRESCOES ON THE INTERMINABLE CORRIDOR WALLS OF THE *DROP EVERYTHING* WAS ANOTHER ONE OF HIS FAVORITE PASTIMES

HE ALSO SPENT LONG HOURS CONTEMPLATING THE CRYSTAL THAT THROBBED IN THE HEART OF THE SHIP



AH
ALL OF THESE IMAGES REMIND ME OF MY FULFILLED PAST
PIZZA
ZETA
AND RARELY, VERY RARELY, HE CAREFULLY FILED OLD PHOTOGRAPHS


AH, MEMORIES !
AN EMOTION GRABBED HIM AT THAT VERY MOMENT
OFTEN ENOUGH, HE WAS SIMPLY BORED
FINALLY, THE DROP EVERYTHING EMERGED INTO AN UNKNOWN GALAXY, NEAR A PLANET THOUGHT TO BE INTERESTING BY THE CRYSTAL
THE CRYSTAL REVOLVED GRACEFULLY IN THE CENTER OF AN INEXTRICABLE ENERGY NETWORK
LOOK AT THE BEAUTIFUL DORY
HERE HE COMES!
THE TRAGOS WERE SWEET AND CONTEMPLATIVE
AH, THE SPECTACLE OF THE RINGS
THE SPECTACLE OF THE RINGS WAS GRAND AND THE INHABITANTS OF BAR-JONA DIDN'T TIRE OF THIS BEAUTY
THIS IS FILDEGAR IN HIS BUBBLE WHICH IS GOING TO TAKE HIM TO THE PLANET'S SURFACE.
"READY" HE MURMURED A VERY SOFT WHISTLE INVADED THE COCKPIT

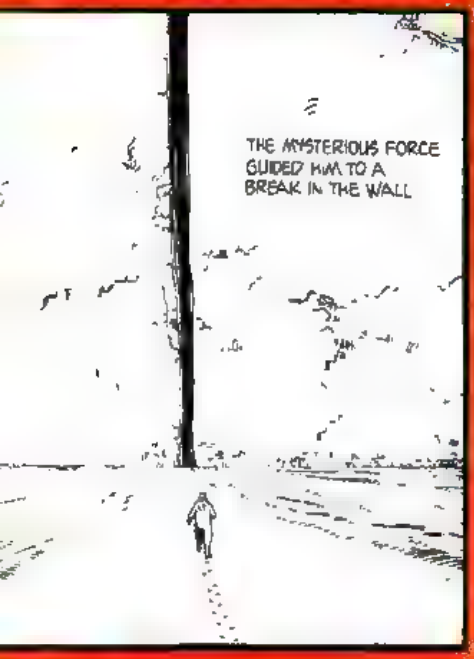
THE DROP EVERYTHING ORBITED A FEW CABLES [NAUTICAL MEASUREMENTS] AWAY FROM THE ANTIQUE RUIN DATING BACK TO THE OLD STAR WARS FIASCO.

CHERN AND JOSHER WERE WALKING JUST AT THAT VERY MOMENT IN THE COUNTRYSIDE. IT WAS AS CHERN WAS RANTING ON ABOUT THE PHILOSOPHY OF A BURN-DA-TI, THAT OUR FRIEND'S BUBBLE APPEARED TO THEM

CONTACT BETWEEN THE TWO SPECIES WAS EASY THEY ALL SPOKE A GALACTIC HEBREW WITH ALMOST NO TRACE OF [redacted]

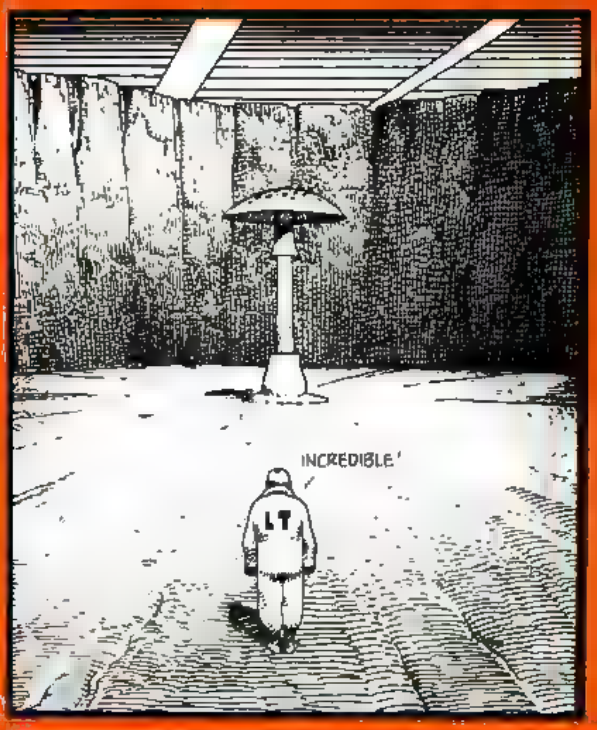
CHERN WAS THE BOLDEST.

THEY SEPARATED, BY NO CHOICE OF THEIR OWN, AND THE HUMAN WENT TOWARDS AN IMMENSE CLIFF WHICH SEEMED TO BLOCK THE ENTIRE HORIZON.

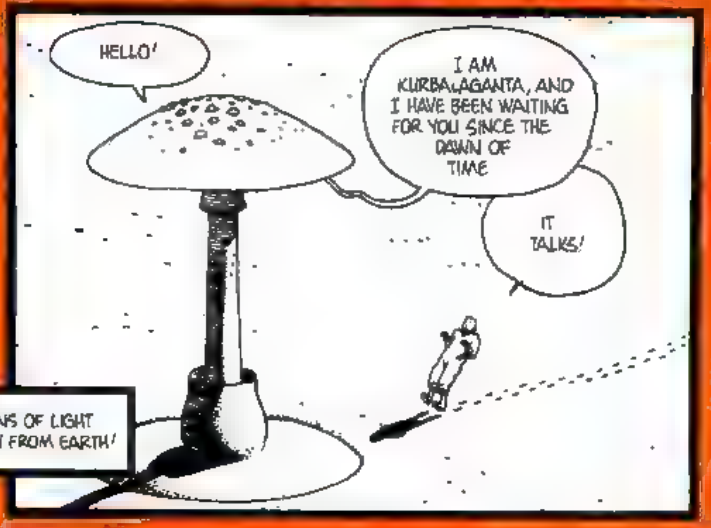


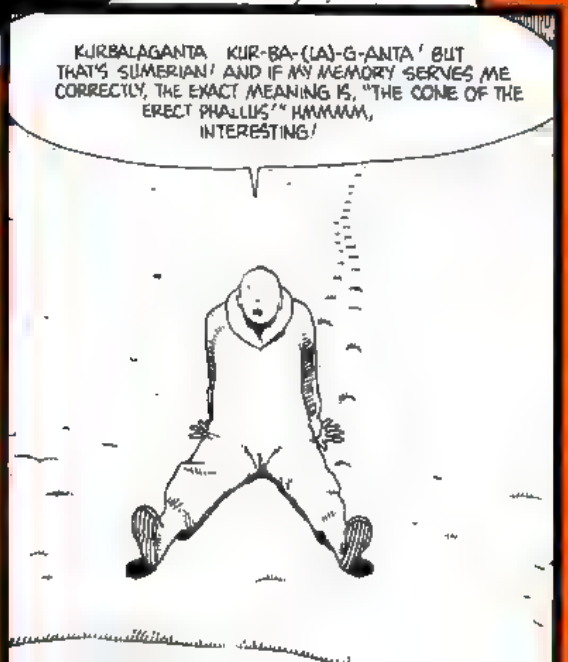
ODDLY ENOUGH, FILDEGAR FELT NO FEAR.

"NOW THEN," THE YOUNG MAN THOUGHT

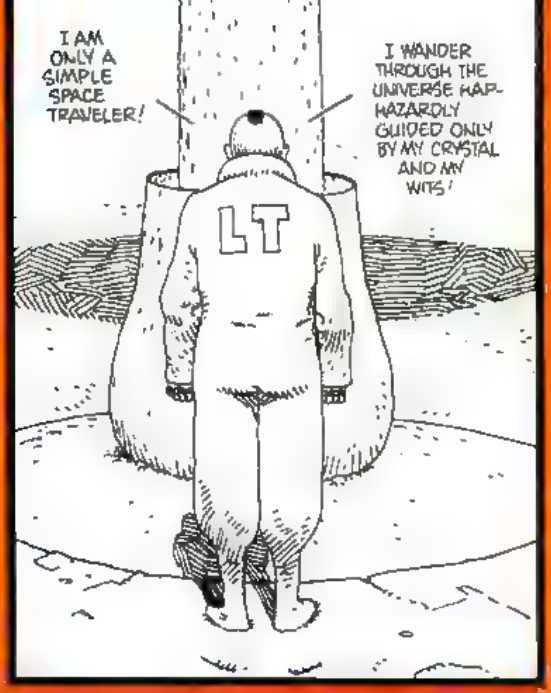

INCREDIBLE!
LT

A GIANT AGARIC AMANITA
THIS IS A TRUE MARVEL OF THE UNIVERSE!
AND BILLIONS OF LIGHT YEARS AWAY FROM EARTH!

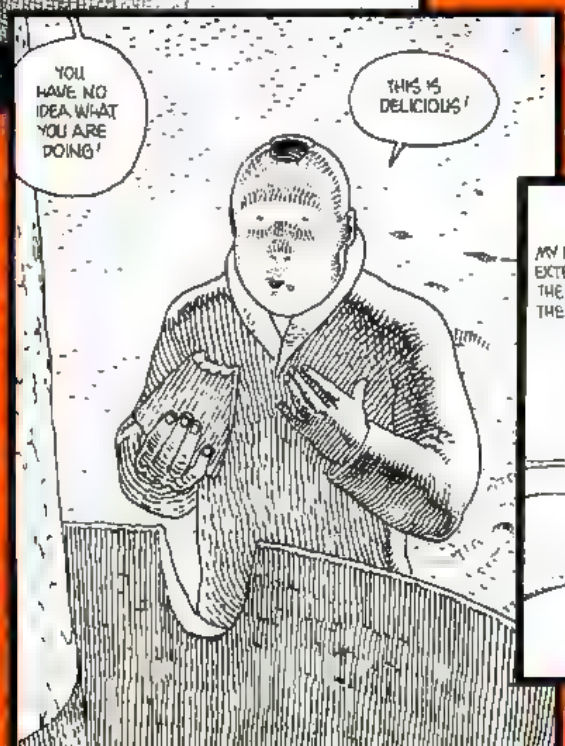

HELLO!
I AM KURBALAGANTA, AND I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU SINCE THE DAWN OF TIME
IT TALKS!


KURBALAGANTA KUR-BA-(LA)-G-ANTA! BUT THAT'S SUMERIAN! AND IF MY MEMORY SERVES ME CORRECTLY, THE EXACT MEANING IS, "THE CONE OF THE ERECT PHALLUS!" HMMMM, INTERESTING!

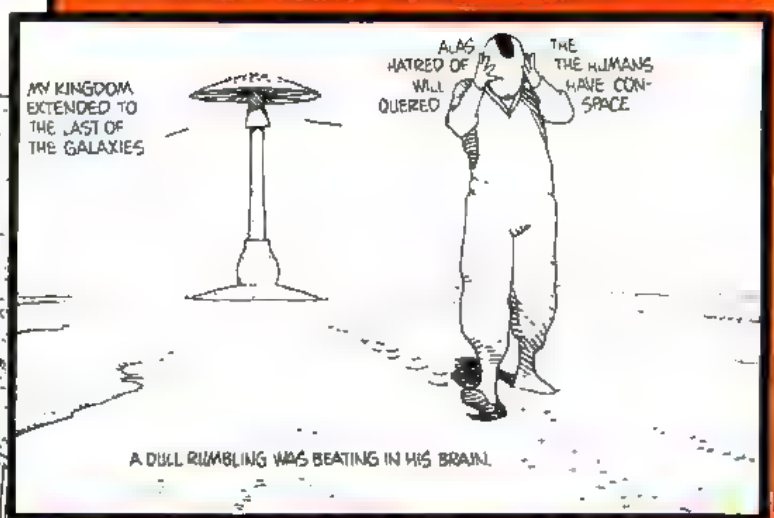
YOU OBVIOUSLY THINK YOU'RE PRETTY SMART BUT DO YOU KNOW THAT YOU ARE HERE TO DESTROY ME, AND THIS VERY PLANET ON WHICH YOU STAND?
ME? WHY WOULD I WANT TO DO THAT?



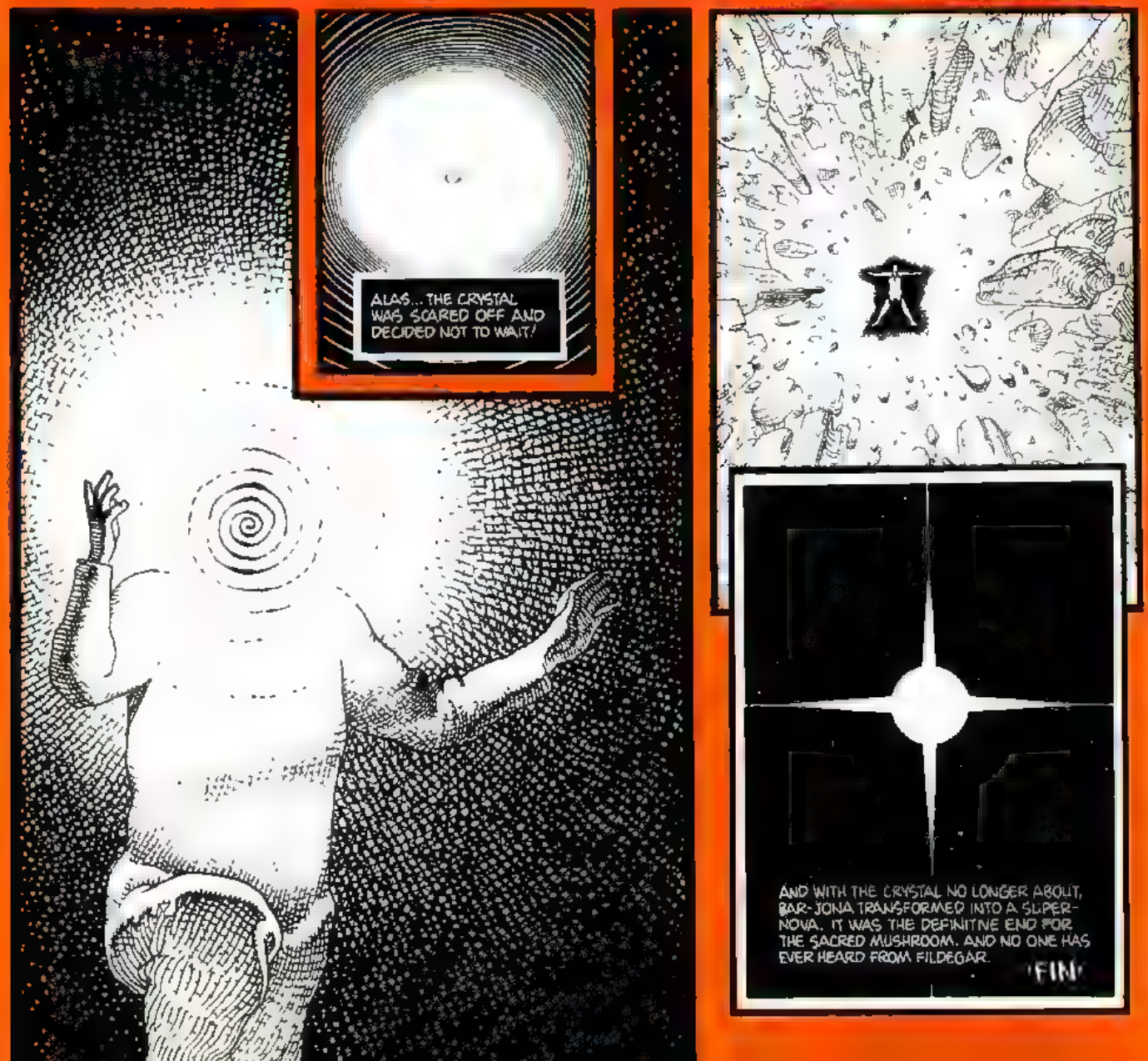
A STRANGE IMPULSE THEN SEIZED FILDEGAR.



THEN FILDEGAR UNDERSTOOD HIS ERROR, BUT IT WAS TOO LATE!


MY KINGDOM EXTENDED TO THE LAST OF THE GALAXIES
ALAS THE HATRED OF THE HUMANS WILL HAVE CONQUERED SPACE
A DULL RUMBLING WAS BEATING IN HIS BRAIN.

FILDEGAR RAN ...HE HAD EVERYTHING ON HIS SPACECRAFT TO CURE HIM OF THE FIRE WHICH WAS DEVOURING HIM!


ALAS... THE CRYSTAL WAS SCARED OFF AND DECIDED NOT TO WAIT!
AND WITH THE CRYSTAL NO LONGER ABOUT, BAR-JONA TRANSFORMED INTO A SUPER-NOVA. IT WAS THE DEFINITIVE END FOR THE SACRED MUSHROOM. AND NO ONE HAS EVER HEARD FROM FILDEGAR.
FIN

HEAVY METAL COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

Photography Bob Smith

#1/APRIL '77: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#2/MAY '77: Russian astronauts 'Roger' the paranoid puppet. Conquering Armies the ultimate rock festival and more

#3/JUNE 77: Macedo s Rock blitz,' highly praised 'Shells," beginning of Davis's 'World Apart,' Moebius, Corben, Bodé more

#4/JULY '77 Lots of Moebius 'Arzach,' part 1 of "The Long Tomorrow" conclusion of Sunpot

#5/AUGUST '77: The saga of "Polonius begins, The Long Tomorrow concludes and World Apart and "Den' continue

#6/SEPTEMBER '77. Roger Zelazny has a short story, and Moebius, a space opera plus more World Apart "Den, and "Polonius

#7/OCTOBER '77. Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius s "Arright Garage, 'Den and Polonius' back again, yet more

#8/NOVEMBER '77 New Harlan Ellison fiction, 9 color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud conclusions for 'Polonius' and 'World Apart'

#9/DECEMBER '77: Extra pages for the complete 'Vuzz,' by Druillet 'Fortune s Fool ' by Chaykin and Wein p us full-color Corben Macedo C aveloux and Moebius

#10/JANUARY '78. Morrow illustrates Zelazny 'Lob and Pichard update *Ulysses* "Conquering Armies concludes. 'Den' continues

#11/FEBRUARY 78 New adventures of 'Barbarella' wraparound cover and center spread by Nino plus Moebius Corben et al

#12/MARCH '78 Swashbuckling 'Orion' debuts courtesy of Gray Morrow more 'Barbarella Urm and Den

#13/APRIL 78 Our 1st anniversary issue! A 30-page insert from 'Paradise 9 and Barbarella gives birth while Den wraps it up

#14/MAY '78, ' Urm the Mad waves bye-bye but Orion and Barbarella continue and A ex Nino tips his hat

#15/JUNE '78. Corben introduces Shahrazad Sturgeon's classic 'More Than Human is illustrated more 'Barbare la ' and the origins of 'Heilman

#16/JULY '78: A happy ending for 'Barbare la '" a sad ending for 1996 '" resumption of Druillet s 'Gail,' more 'Heilman ' 'Orion, 'More Than Human and Corben s Arabian Nights

#17/AUGUST '78: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER '78: SORRY - SOLD OUT!

#19/OCTOBER '78: Exterminator 17, Et son s illustrated 'Glass Goblin' debut of McKie's 'So Beautiful and So Dangerous' plus usua

#20/NOVEMBER '78: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire '" more 'Sindbad ' 'Exterminator, 'Major Grubert, 'Heilman 's final rebirth more

#21/DECEMBER '78. The stock ng s full with 'Orion, 'Kirchner's 'Tarot and 12 beautiful pages of Moebius

#22/JANUARY '79 Trina debuts here, and Druillet concludes "Ga plus McKie and Corben 'How much can you take?

#23/FEBRUARY '79. 'Galactic Geographic ' 'Starcrown, 'Corben s 'Sindbad,' McKie s 'So Beautiful and So Dangerous' plus Moebius B la and Macedo

#24/MARCH '79: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester s "The Stars My Destination 'Starcrown II, and Ellison s late show

#25/APRIL '79 SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#26/MAY '79: It s all-American (except for Druillet s 'Dancin' and a Proust joke) 15 entries including Corben 'Morrow, the illustrated Alien

#27/JUNE 79: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#28/JULY '79. Bodé s 'Zooks premieres. Corben s 'Sindbad' concludes 'Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts

#29/AUGUST '79: Caza steals show with 'New Ark City, plus Mayerik Suydam 'Galactic Geographic ' Bodé more

#30/SEPTEMBER '79: 'Elric 'Buck Rogers,' a lizard named 'Elvis,'" and 'Little Red V-3 ' alongside Montellier and Moebius

#31/OCTOBER '79 A Halloween tribute to H P Lovecraft, with Moebius, Breccia, Druillet Suydam others

#32/NOVEMBER '79: Let's give thanks for Corben s 'Rowlf ' Bodé s 'Zooks, 'Brunner's 'Elric,' Chaykin s 'The Stars My Destination Moebius, and more

#33/DECEMBER '79: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben Kofoed Suydam Stiles Trina, Moebius, and Ellison plus 'Gnomes and 'Giants.

#34/JANUARY '80 A new year/new decade begins with new look for *HM* with debut of 4 new columnists new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan, conclusion of Corben s 'Rowlf and much more!

#35/FEBRUARY '80: An eerie Couratin cover adorns this winter issue Corben s 'The Beast of Wolf ton" begins McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip

#36/MARCH '80 Why did 'The Crevasse" take Jeannette? Read the Schuiten Bros. strip! Plus Corben Matena Moebius and Lee Marrs s 'Good Vibrations '

#37/APRIL '80: Our 3rd anniversary issue 32 pages of Champakou in living color, final installment of Moebius s "Airtight Garage plus Caza Bilal Howarth Corben Bodé — and more!

#38/MAY 80 Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will 'Champakou' reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too? We'll never tell

#39/JUNE '80: Champakou meets his fate, while Captain Sternn saves the day And in their revenge the Flying Wallendas vs Earth!

#40/JULY 80 'The Alchemist Supreme continues Axle learns truth about sidekick Musky Bilal s 'Progress' begins and Moebius returns with 'Shore Leave

#41/AUGUST 80 Druillet returns with the 1st installment of 'Salammbo while Moebius concludes 'Shore Leave' (and is interviewed) Bilal continues "Progress!"

#42/SEPTEMBER '80: The Alchemist Supreme concludes while Bilal s "Progress!' picks up steam Ernie Colon Paul Kirchner Leo Duranona contribute nifty shorts, while 'Rock Opera' gets stranger yet

#43/OCTOBER [illegible] SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#44/NOVEMBER '80 With the *Shogun* spirit ablaze this issue s cover by Haime Sorayama is definitely in its element. Inside we give you some lovely Claveloux Moebius Kaluta Springett and Bilal

#45/DECEMBER '80: Premiering Corben s 'Illustrated 'Bloodstar Crepax s "Valentina and Godard and Ribera s ' 'What Is Reality Papa?' Plus 'The Cutter of the Fog 'Rock Opera and Moebius

#46/JANUARY 81 [illegible] SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#47/FEBRUARY '81: William S Burroughs discusses "Civilian Defense while 'The Horny Goof an inimitable Moebius character, gets himself in and outa trouble Special added attraction! Pages from Jeff Jones's *Yesterday's Lily* and an interview with the man himself

#48/MARCH '81: 'Tex Arcana ' John Findley's epic Western, be-

gins "What Is Reality Papa?" and The Ambassador of the Shadows continue, Druillet's interpretation of Flaubert's classic *Salammbo* ends Plus, Harlan Ellison's ever timely essay on violence in America

#49/APRIL '81: "Art and the Nazis," Corben's "Bloodstar Giménez's "Good-bye, Soldier!" Harry North's "Stories from London" and an interview with Julio Ribera Don't think we could do it in one shot did ya?

#50/MAY '81: Premiers of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortals Fête!" Plus Suydam's "The Toll Bridge" and William S. Burroughs on immortality

#51/JUNE '81: The 1st part of the Richard Corben interview, Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres, Howarth's Changes winds up Plus Caza Chaykin Crepax and our own John Workman!

#52/JULY '81: Stephen King terrifies with "The Blue Air Compressor" Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* continues, while Chris Moore's fantastic pinup gallery wraps it all up.

#53/AUGUST '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#54/SEPTEMBER '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#55/OCTOBER 81. Shakespeare for Americans" 1st episode of Segrelles's "Mercenary", a gallery section devoted to Druillet plus Jeff Jones, Bilal and Steranko

#56/NOVEMBER '81: Jeronaton's "Egg of the World" Jeff Jones Segrelles, and Bilal all frame the art of Leo and Diane Dillon beautifully

#57/DECEMBER '81: Strange encounters with Debbie Harry Jeffrey Jones, Segrelles, and Corben Plus odd ending to "The Immortals" Fête

#58/JANUARY '82: Our "Happy Future" issue. Includes Arno Boustal Voss Hé and Gillon and The Autonomous Man by Davis Chudnow, and Balfour AI surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson Segrelles Steranko, et al.

#59/FEBRUARY '82: Begins with a further adventure of John Difool in "The Incal Light" Wein and Chaykin's "Gideon Faust" gets going again Plus Fernandez Jones Schuiten et al.

#60/MARCH '82 Our 2nd Special Rock Issue featuring Dick Materna's "A Life in the Day," a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon Luis Garcia's Nova 2 begins Elliott Murphy brings us the Elvis Cult. Plus our regulars, "Mercenary," Den Rock Opera, etc Enjoy

#61/APRIL '82 Our 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of materia What with Claveloux Druillet Moebius, Bilal and an essay on J G Ballard you'll be busy until our 6th

#62/MAY '82: In this issue, we give you the 1st part of David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution" and let you look at "The Art of De Es Schwertberger" Plus "Sixteen and Vanilla" by Ted White and Val Lakey

#63/JUNE '82. We proudly bring you our Fantastic Cities issue With artists Voss, Caza, Sciabbi, and R. Crumb All surrounded by regulars Druillet Moebius Schuiten, and Fernandez Enjoy

#64/JULY '82 Marcele and Lacome's strange "Life at the Circus" and pages from Corben's *Flights into Fantasy* Plus Jones, Garcia, Druillet, etc

#65/AUGUST '82: We proudly present Jones and Wrightson's "Freak Show" and Pisu and Manara's "The Ape" Plus the finale of "The Incal Light," by Moebius and Jodorowsky

#66/SEPTEMBER '82 We give you Hecht's Music-Video Interface, Lupoff's "Barsoom" and Hinge's "Object" Plus our regulars Bilal Fernandez Kierkegaard, etc.

#67/OCTOBER '82: You'll have Scary Dreams after reading our special horror section. It has everything from Eddie Poe to the weirdest phobias possible Don't read it alone! P S Last part of Black's "Third Sexual Revolution."

#68/NOVEMBER '82 Part 1 of Kaluta's "Starstruck" Findley's Tex Arcana continues as does Den II and Druillet's Yragael Plus a peek at Wrightson's *National Lampoon's Class Reunion*

#69/DECEMBER 82. A Will Stone Gallery, the return of Suydam's "Mudwog" and Mark Fisher's "Amino Men." Plus our regulars Corben Fernandez, and Kierkegaard

#70/JANUARY '83: We bring the strange conclusion to Wrightson's "Freak Show" a look at *The Dark Crystal*, and our regulars Manara, Corben Fernandez, etc Happy reading

#71/FEBRUARY '83 The making of the film *The Entity* Kim Deitch's *Eating Raoul* and our regulars, Corben, Kaluta, Crepax etc

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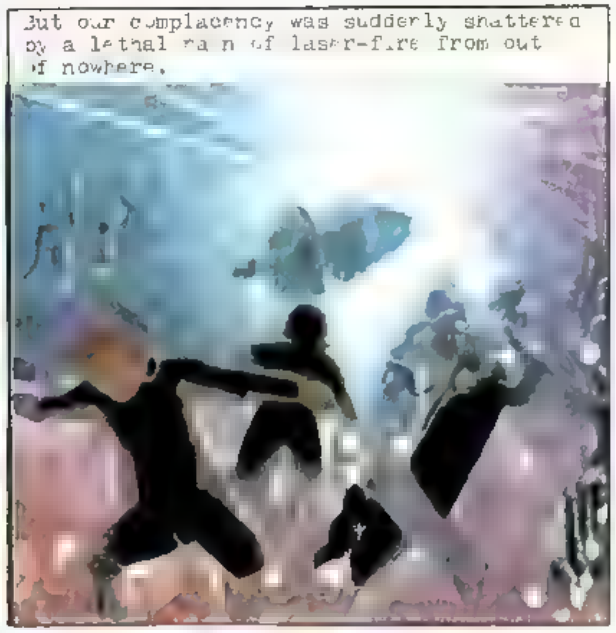
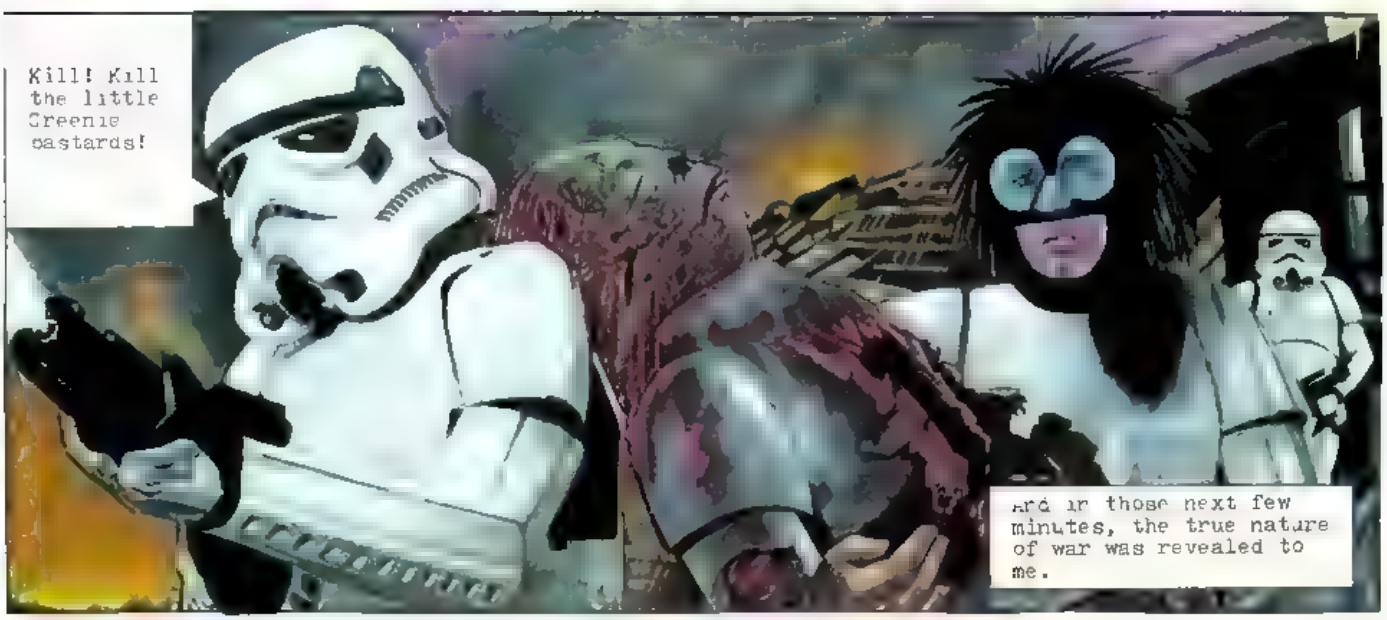
Rock Opera by Rod Kierkegaard Jr
In the movies, war is always portrayed as a clean and heroic act, like a football game. But our war against the little green "Neni" seemed to contradict the secrets.
Occasionally, some nervous farmer would open up at us with an ancient blunderbuss
only to be swiftly fried by our laser-arms.
Other than that, we encountered little resistance, and our invasion proceeded with the ease of a war-game.

Our moods were jovial with the fearful relief of professional cowards, as we regrouped in the early morning mist.


But our complacency was suddenly shattered by a lethal rain of laser-fire from out of nowhere.

My God-- Why do they make us wear this stupid plastic armor? Look at poor "Stench"...

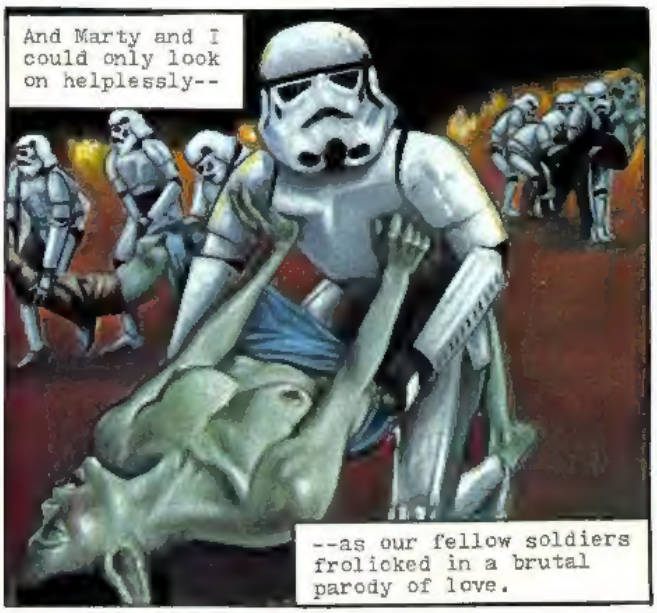
They're pulling a sneak attack! Let's get 'em, boys!

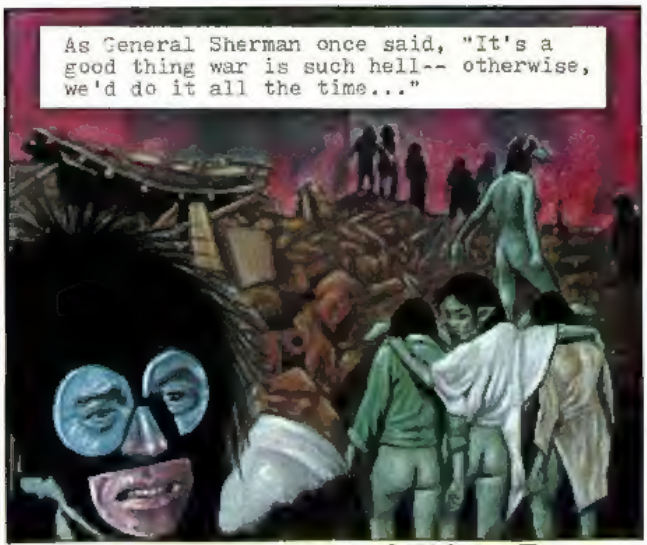

Kill! Kill the little Greenie bastards!
And in those next few minutes, the true nature of war was revealed to me.

One moment, you feel detached and isolated, as if you're playing a video game--
--the next you've become part of something unspeakable like a Manson family massacre.
Hey, wait a minute-- those are our own troops shooting at us!
It was "Bugface". Intoxicated at being allowed to drive the lead troop carrier, he had opened fire, in an attempt to 'frag' Sgt. Webfoot.

This action produced our only casualties-- for which "Bugface" was inexplicably decorated and promoted.

But even after the cause of the firing became evident, the bloodlust continued unabated.





CONTINUED..

the bus

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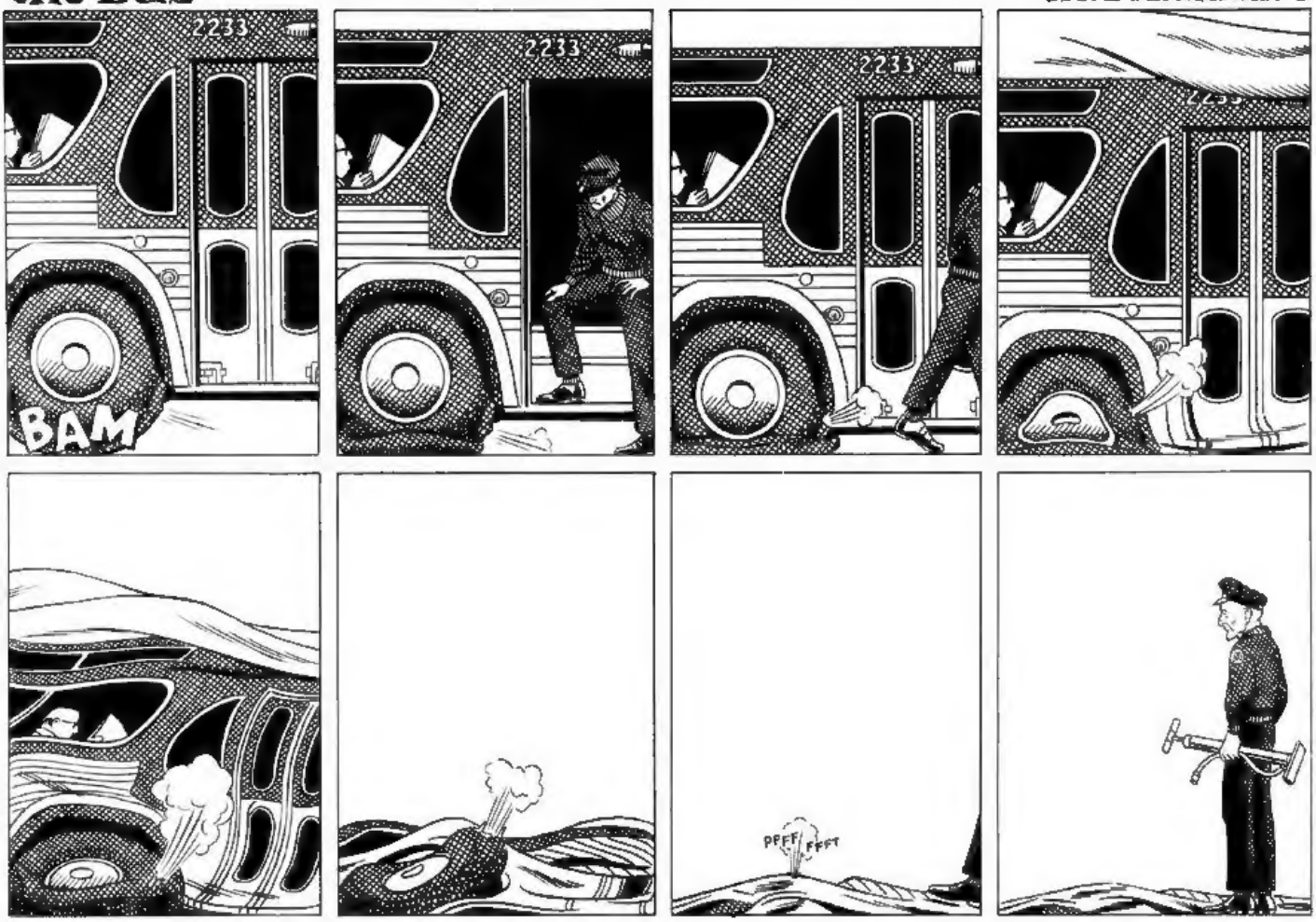

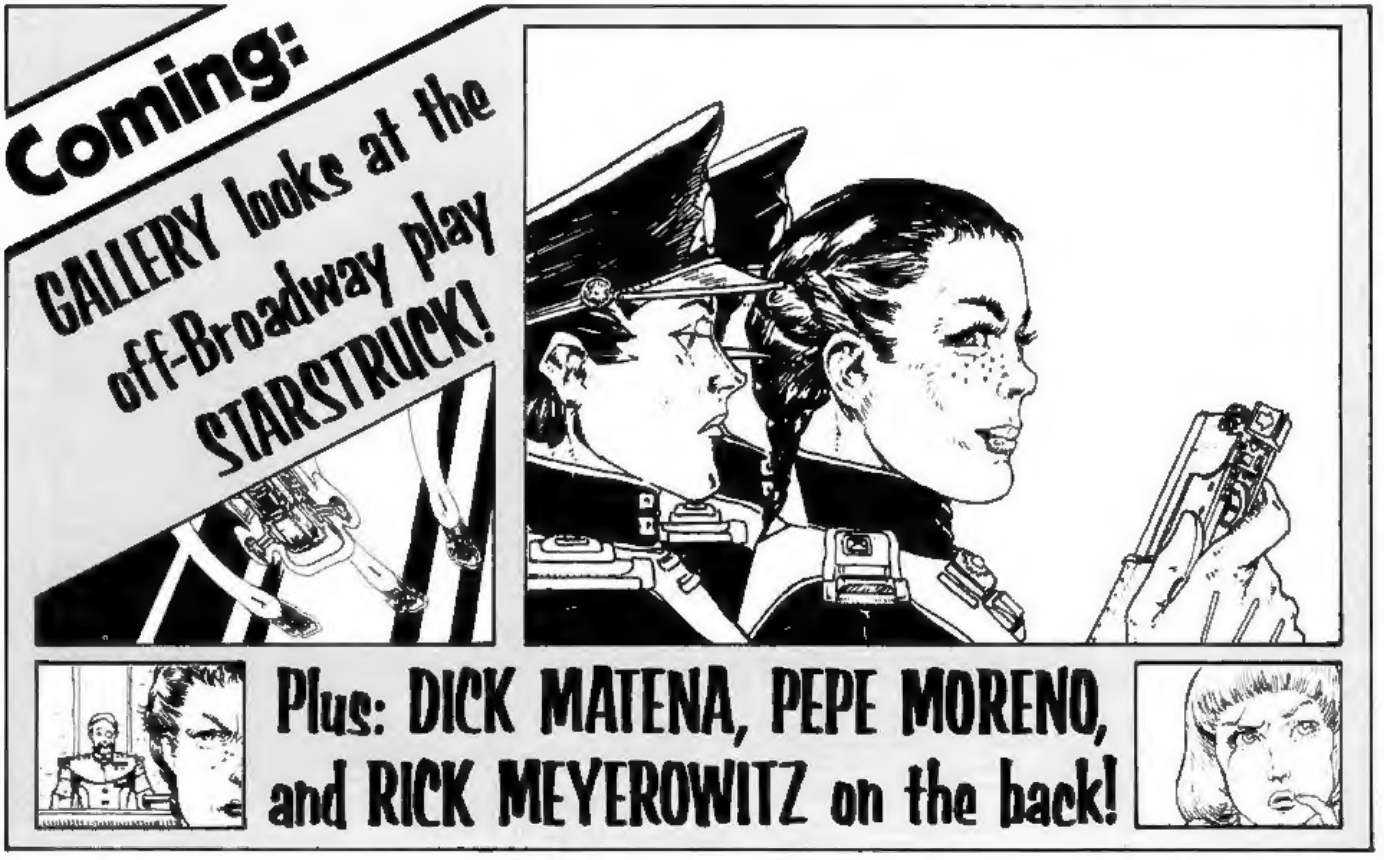

Could it be? By George, it is! After a six month quest, a newsstand that hasn't sold out of Heavy Metal!

Don't be without this month's *Heavy Metal* like this guy almost was.

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